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Volume 17 - Number 15

December 15, 1999



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# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 17 - Number 15  
December 15, 1999



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I remarked, in my comments in the last issue on the importance to us of your subscriptions, that we enjoy a very high renewal rate that hovers around 80%. This indicates to me that you are getting what you want on these pages, which is nice to know.

I also get this message from the many renewals which come in with your comments noted on them. Even more than the statistical evidence of your ongoing enthusiasm for this magazine, these personal notes bolster my conviction that we have a very nice little mom and pop business here, one that not only seems to please you, the customers, but also continues to please Jane and I.

My daughter Roberta manages our subscriber list for us as one of her own business' accounts. She read your notes of support in processing your renewals, and so with help from her two daughters, presented me with a large framed display of photocopies of typical comments. This hangs on the wall alongside the desk on which my Power Macintosh sits as an enduring reminder of the value of what we are doing.

Amongst the comments from time to time appear references to how we are the only salvation today for the small boat enthusiast with *Small Boat Journal* long gone from the scene. Well, maybe so, but we are not doing what *SBJ* was, because of some basic differences in our situations. In sum, we are unable to conduct the extensive boat tryouts and equipment investigations that *SBJ* did, they had a much larger circulation, budget and paid staff. We are much more focussed on your personal stories about messing about in boats.

Why did *SBJ* disappear, given that so many of you found it just what you wanted in a boating magazine? The core problem was that the small boat community is not one attractive to major marine advertisers, *SBJ*'s broad gauge overview of all sorts of small boats was regarded dimly by potential advertisers as having lack of focus, they and their agencies were looking for a readership that would rush out and buy the latest whatever.

*SBJ* was an outgrowth of *National Fisherman*, pulling from it the small boat news it had been carrying. Two Daves, Dave Getchell Sr. and Dave Jackson, editor and publisher of *NF*, conceived of *SBJ* and introduced it to us all in the late '70s. A free lance article I had sent in to *NF* for possible publication turned up in the introductory issue of *SBJ*. I was delighted and subsequently I sold a number of other stories to them.

It didn't last long, the original large size format that was so appealing was also so costly, and they were having trouble attracting major advertisers. To belabor the point, just about all magazines depend utterly on advertisers to survive, circulation income simply cannot support the scale they aspire to. When the owners decided to kill off *SBJ*, the two Daves persuaded them to let them seek out a buyer, and lo, they found one.

Terry Ehrlich owned a gold mine publication, *Hemmings Motor News*, a monthly fat 600+ page fine print compendium of classified ads serving the antique car hobby. Imagine a magazine which a quarter million readers not only bought to read, but paid to advertise in, a magazine with no editorial content or staff, printed on thin newsprint, bound in a serviceable plain brown cover. A cash cow as they say. Terry also liked small boats so he bought *SBJ*, and for ten years kept it coming, still pretty much what we all seemed to want. But eventually Terry lost heart in *SBJ*'s inability to make money and sold it to new owners in Georgia.

Many of you probably shared my horror when *SBJ* soon turned into a powerboat magazine focussed on flash and speed and big dollars, without advance warning. Suddenly our small boat periodical was no longer about small boats and we were stuck with our unexpired subscriptions. The change was made to suit potential advertisers and their ads soon began to fill out the pages.

And so here we are, your alternative. Unlike *SBJ*, we are not troubled by lack of major advertiser interest. Our ad rates are ridiculously low to provide opportunity for small boat businesses to reach out to you with their messages, all about stuff we may indeed need or want relating to our small boats.

Unlike *SBJ* we have no paid staff, it's all in family, with the bulk of the cash outflow going to the printer/mailer and the U.S. Post Office. What's left over pays the involved family members a modest income. We are not in pursuit of making money, just making a living doing what we enjoy so much.

So to reassure those who inquire somewhat anxiously on their renewals if we are going to go the way of *SBJ*, or urge us to not change a thing, I can state with assurance that this will not be happening. I'll be 70 in January and figure I maybe have another ten years or so left to keep on with this very satisfying "retirement" business. Your continuing support will make this possible.

## In Our Next Issue...

Derek van Loan describes "Two Day Trips" enjoyed while on holiday in Great Britain; and Roy Terwilliger reports on "Launching Coyaute".

Driftwood Dan describes his waterfront life in "Evergreen"; Mark Steele tells about a seagoing ship model in "William Fraser...Ocean Crosser"; Fred Bennett concludes his series on a season of sailing "Letter from Xanadu"; Steve Turi continues his "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut" in Part 8; and we commence our annual book serialization for the new year, Nathaniel Bishop's 1879 classic, "Four Months in a Sneakbox".

Ron Ginger tells of a friend's long struggle with restoration of a boat too large in "Man With Blue Dolphin"; and Project Liberty Ship reports on its even larger save-the-ship effort in "Project Liberty Ship".

Joe Reisner introduces his "Joseboat" kayak design; Scansport presents their new double folding kayak "Puffin II"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" features "The Wonderful Scow"; and Phil Bolger & Friends conclude their discussion of "A Leeboard Daysailer Yawl".

Robb White comments on "Equinoxes and GPSs"; and Bill Foden brings us his "Skyliner Yuloh & Sculling Oar".

## On the Cover...

Winter over much of the nation shuts down most recreational boating, but there are those who carry on in the frozen north, like these members of the Cape Cod Vikings enjoying an espresso break on a Cape Cod beach, photographed by Barry Donahue.



## Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

### Communications Are Vital

My recent monthly Auxiliary Radio Network Drill took 37 minutes out of my life. Someday, this training might be vital in the protection of coastal communities.

Coast Guard radios operate from hi-sites, tall (600'+ towers) that give enormous range to the Group radio stations. Unfortunately this height, which makes the transmission so effective, is potentially vulnerable, in a hurricane or tornado these towers can be knocked down. So the Auxiliary maintains a backup network.

A number of Auxiliarists, scattered up and down both coasts, have in their homes low-powered radios, essentially 25 watt standard boat radios with roof top antennas. They have limited range, but they can pass a message up and down the coast should a hi-site fail. Every month Group organizes a drill to see who can be heard and how far. In my case, AUX radio Echo Farms can regularly reach three stations to my north and two to the south.

When a hurricane is approaching we are activated. This means that I carry my

hand-held (which can receive my Group) wherever I go and make sure that two batteries for the main station are fully charged. I stand by in case I should be needed, sometimes for 43 hours or more. Thus far, it has not been necessary as the two local hi-sites have survived recent hurricanes and the phones have continued to work. But, "Semper Paratus".

In addition to the radio net of stations like mine, there are a few Auxiliarists who own and operate ham radio stations with vastly greater range than Aux Echo Farms. They, too, have regular drills.

In an emergency, communications are vital. The Auxiliary strives to make sure that communications will exist, whatever the situation.

### This Is A Drill

At 1828 hours the telephone rang.

"This is a drill. This is a drill. This is a drill," said a voice I recognized as the Auxiliary Division 10 Captain. "Set Condition Four."

"Condition Four" is set when hurricane force winds are anticipated within 72 hours.

Here in southeastern North Carolina we take these storms very seriously and a drill such as this is a regular part of the hurricane season. At that moment, the first named tropical depression of the season was churning through the south Atlantic so the timing of this drill was most appropriate.

What happened next was a complex series of telephone calls was initiated. The word was passed to the commanders of the five coastal flotillas. Each set in motion a telephone calling tree to alert all members. Of particular importance were vessel owners who needed to make sure that their boats were as secure as possible and fully fueled for post-storm operations. The other key group to alert was the owners of Auxiliary radio stations. At the setting of "Condition Three" (storm expected within 48 hours) each of these stations will begin continuous monitoring of Channel 16 for further word from the Coast Guard. Now was the time to check batteries and other alternate power sources.

Most Auxiliary radio stations are VHF with limited range, but can pass the word up and down the coast in the event that the Coast Guard hi-site antennas are damaged. Monthly net drills tell each operator just who he can reach in the relay chain. Auxiliarists who serve as radio watch standers at the local stations and who work at the Marine Safety Office were notified by the active-duty Coast Guard and given their instructions.

One hour and forty minutes after the initial telephone call, all Auxiliarists had been notified, a very few by messages left on answering machines, and Division 10 could stand down (not every wife was pleased to have dinner interrupted by the call, but the word did get passed down the line).

In the event of a real storm on the way, boats, radios and manpower might well be needed. This drill was just a part of being "semper paratus".

## A Different Sort of Boating Magazine... Yes, *Messing About in Boats* is a different sort of boating magazine.

What's so different about *Messing About in Boats*? Consider these points:

***Messing About in Boats*** is not a "consumer" magazine but is written by and for the persons who love small boats of all kinds and want to do their own thing with them, not something some advertising tells them they should want to do.

***Messing About in Boats*** arrives in your mail 24 times a year, **TWICE A MONTH**, not four times, or six times, or even only twelve times. This frequent arrival establishes a nice ongoing communication amongst readers, and provides those "shots in the arm" of rejuvenation for lagging enthusiasm.

***Messing About in Boats*** is an easy read after supper in an hour or two, you can get your dose of boating information in a leisurely way. Yet over a year you get more total information than in the bigger, slicker monthly or bi-monthly magazines.

***Messing About in Boats*** has the fastest moving, least expensive classified advertising, new ads every two weeks, **NO CHARGE** to subscribers who can advertise for sale or wanted any personally owned nautically related items, as often as they wish.

***Messing About in Boats*** isn't a brand new publication looking for readers. Now in our 17th year, our next issue, January 1, 2000, will be the 400th published since May, 1983. We're here to stay, you're not being asked to subscribe to an unproven, untested publication that might not make it to the far end of your subscription.

Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher, *Messing About in Boats*

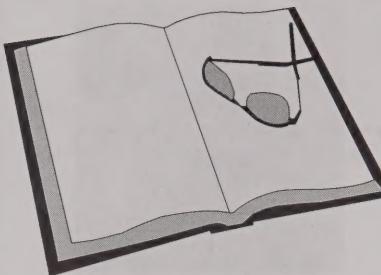
Matt and Judy Lyon are Harbor Images, selling a line of tug-related products, the principal one being an annual calendar. The calendar for the millennial year is to the same high standard that has pleased professional tugboatmen and amateur tug lovers for some years now. Good photos, interesting tugs, wide geographic dispersion. Let's take a look at this calendar.

Tugboat racing is popular on the West Coast, and the cover shows the newish San Francisco Race in progress. Four different types of tugs, big bow waves, some smoke from hardworking engines, small clumps of riders along for the race. Horsepowers range from 3,000 to 320. Interestingly enough, the little tug *California Eagle* with only 320 hp is well up, holding third place just off the stern of the leader, *Sea Lark*. It doesn't take much imagination to visualize this scene as happening years ago when tugs competed to see which would tow in an incoming sailing ship, perhaps something just in from Australia or Tahiti or Hawaii or...

Owners of last year's calendar have a nice photo of the *Isabel McAllister* leaning as she makes a turn in Jacksonville. Sharp eyes may have noted Matt Lyon aboard her. Alongside at the time was the *Michael J. McAllister* with Judy aboard taking that photo. This year, the *Michael* is featured, sedately steaming past a tall container crane. Sharp eyes will note Judy just below the pilothouse window, her back turned modestly to Matt's camera.

Last year's calendar also had a shot of commercial tugs docking a Navy ship. These tugs were on long-term contract, replacing less powerful, less maneuverable Navy tugs with far larger crews. The result was considerable savings to the government, and Navy seamen were freed for other duties, such as manning real warships in hot spots around the world. March has the well-kept *USS Keokuk* (YTB-771) at Portsmouth Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine. A big, handsome tug. It will be a pity to see her sold as surplus, but it may happen.

Canadian tugs of the Pacific Northwest are different. Why, I am not quite sure, nor has anyone been able to give me a satisfactorily complete set of reasons. Canadian safety regulations are one reason, and another is what they tow and where they tow it. The fact is that the tugs tend to be small, low-powered, and tow



## Review

### Tugboats & Towboats: A 2000 Calendar

By Hugh Ware

barge and log rafts. Perhaps three characteristics can summarize the usual visual markers; high bows (often a raised fo'cs'le), a big towing winch aft, and tall pipe(s) to carry off exhaust products. Often (but not always) these pipes sprout from a respectable funnel and sometimes what looks like a truck muffler oddly appears somewhere in a pipe's length.

April has the *Seaspan Master*. She has a nice sweep up to a high stemhead, she has a big winch aft, and a thick, rusty pipe sprouts from a neat little funnel, rising nearly to the top of her mast! She is towing something past a couple of nice cottages on a pine-covered slope. An insert photo shows what she is towing, three large box barges, two piled high with wood chips, the middle one empty. By the way, the tug has 1230 hp, neither too much nor too little for this tow but just right.

Turn the page to May and you see a tug of the Great Lakes Towing fleet. Bright green hull with a white stripe along the bulwarks, red house and stack with a stylized white "G" on a trim funnel. The *Colorado* is very low and lean and long, just right for squeezing

under Detroit bridges. June, on the other hand, has a very upright tug indeed! And it too has a green hull. A Foss tug far from salt water, the *Florence Lee* is moving rafts of logs on the St. Joe River well inland. (Do you consider Idaho a nautical state? It is.) At the other end of the long tow is an assist tug, another Foss tug. The small *Valerie Lee* is shown in an insert photo. Strange to see Foss tugs without "Foss" in their names.

August has the little *H.W. Orr* steadily moving a barge in Boston Harbor, a photo taken back in 1991. A few months later, Jim Simpson's little tug was the loser while entering Gloucester harbor one wintry day. The towing hawser became entangled in the screw while Jim's son tried to rescue the deckhand, who had slipped overboard. Now quite helpless, the tug went ashore just inside Norman's Woe, that granite ledge featured in Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." The crew of two were saved by Gloucester's firemen wading into the icy surf, the (new) barge broke in half on the ledge and was junk, and the tug was eventually salved, although cruelly dented and punctured by rocks and missing the rudder. Fixed up, she went back to her work of moving other barges.

Foss, for many years, was the West Coast proponent of the Voith cycloidal drive, those sets of slowly spinning fins under the hull that can be angled to maneuver a tug in any direction, even sideways. Foss's longtime competitor Crowley has now climbed on the Voith bandwagon with three new classes of tugs propelled by Voith drives. September shows the months-old *Guide* dragging a ship up the Duwamish River, that busy nautical thoroughfare slicing inland from Seattle harbor. The orange barnlike structure behind the tug is a special covered barge for carrying printing paper rolls.

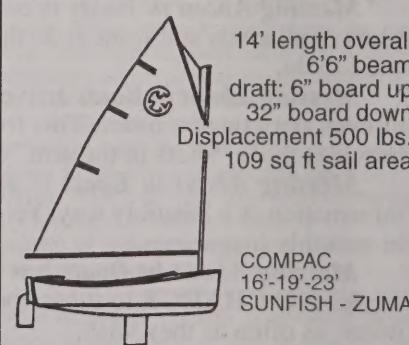
There are more tugs and several towboats in this calendar. If you like tugs and like photos of tugs at work (as opposed to tugs used as subjects of arty photos), you'll like this calendar.

Harbor Images, PO Box 1176, Richmond WA 99352. \$10.95 (includes first class postage). Washington residents add 88¢ tax. Canadian orders add 50¢ U.S. Foreign add U.S. \$2.00 postage.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities...

### 2000 Special Events at Clayton

The Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, located in the Thousand Islands Region, has three major events planned for the summer of 2000.

On July 15th we will host the 3rd Annual Festival of Oar, Paddle & Sail.

On August 4th-6th we will host the 36th Annual Antique Boat Show & Auction.

And on August 18th-20th we will host the semi-annual Antique Race Boat Regatta.

Interested readers are invited to inquire for details.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

*Adventure* on a solid financial footing.

As the tides of change continue to ripple through Gloucester's working harbor, it becomes increasingly clear that the preservation of the last of the Gloucestermen is vitally important, not only to Gloucester but to all America! Our region's maritime heritage is of national significance and must be preserved.

Please do all you can to help keep the wind in *Adventure*'s sails this winter. Join us as we set a brisk course for increased success in the year 2000! What better way to celebrate the millennium?

Martin Krugman, President, The Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01931-1306, (978) 281-8079, (A non-profit organization formed to preserve the historic fishing schooner *Adventure* as a living symbol of Gloucester's maritime heritage, and to provide related programs and facilities for the education and pleasure of the public).

### IYRS Graduate Awarded Fellowship

The International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island, awarded their first fellowship position this fall to Phil Erwin, a recent graduate of their 2-year certification program. Phil is receiving advanced training in yacht restoration for one year. The program of study, which centers on projects that refine and improve his skills, will focus primarily on *Java*, the very first Concordia yawl ever built. Designed by Waldo Howland and C. Raymond Hunt, and built by the Casey Boatbuilding Company in 1939, *Java* was the forerunner of the most successful and longest lived racer/cruiser class in the world.

This one year fellowship position is awarded annually to students who have completed the 2-year certification program at IYRS, or who possess an equivalent set of skills. Upon Phil's selection, IYRS Education Director, Clark Poston stated, "We are pleased to have the opportunity to offer a third year of training in a graduate studies type program. Phil will gain valuable experience this year while serving as a asset to other IYRS programs."

For more information about IYRS programs please call (401) 848-5777 or visit our website at <[iyrs.org](http://iyrs.org)>.

## Information of Note...

### Gloucester Adventure Status

Great news! A new restoration project is now underway! On October 19, *Adventure* was towed to Rose's Marine to begin work restoring port side stanchions, bulwarks and rails. Leading the effort once again is master shipwright Hermann Hinrichsen. What's just as exciting as the progress on her restoration is the increasing recognition of *Adventure*'s historic and cultural importance at state and national levels.

*Adventure* has just been designated an Official Project of *Save America's Treasures* by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. *Save America's Treasures* is a federally funded program that is dedicated to identifying and rescuing the enduring symbols of American tradition that define us as a nation. This national recognition is a great honor, so richly deserved by our grand "Old Lady" highliner of the North American fisheries. And, just as significant, this incredible distinction also makes *Adventure* eligible for federal planning and preservation funds.

*Adventure* has also been honored with inclusion in the prestigious 1999 Catalogue for Philanthropy. The Catalogue, conceived and supported by the Ellis L. Phillips Foundation, profiles 100 of Massachusetts' outstanding educational, environmental, and human service agencies. *Adventure* was selected from a total applicant pool of over 270 organizations. The Catalogue was published in November and distributed widely to promote charitable giving in Massachusetts.

*Adventure*'s future in the new millennium looks very bright indeed. *Adventure* will be fully restored and her majestic sails will once again grace the coastline of Massachusetts. Great things are happening, and the continued support of interested persons at this time is crucial. As we approach the end of our fiscal year, such help will keep *Adventure* growing through the long, lean winter ahead. This support makes a difference and helps us keep

## Projects...

### Viking Resurrection Completed

In the summer of 1995 I bought an old fiberglass outboard runabout. A photo and paragraph about the project appeared in your September 1, 1996 issue. Since then I have been rebuilding the boat and in the April 15, 1999 issue you published my two page photo report on the project. At that time I still had to fix a bent trailer axle and get the 1958 Johnson outboard to run on both cylinders. The axle was straightened with a hydraulic press and the Johnson was got running by replacing the spark coils.

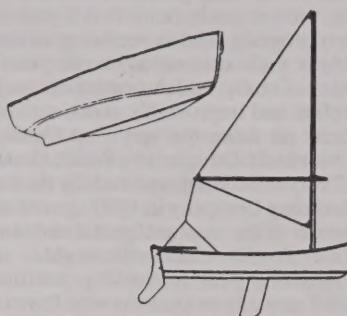
The photos show the result in use on Labor Day weekend at Camanche Lake in central California. My granddaughters enjoy the boat in one photo, in the other I am motoring

along with the typical California summer weekend lake boater camping scene in the background: Warm weather, warm water, motorhomes, trailers, tents, ski boats, jet skis, kids and dogs.

Craig Wilson, San Jose CA



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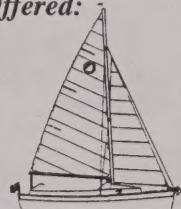
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1987 Impulse 21	\$5,500
1990/97 Nimble 24	\$15,000
1995 Nimble Kodiak	\$41,000
1989 Meadowlark 37	\$49,000

**Call: 1-800-881-1525**



*Dawn*, a Yankee One-Design, was built in the Quincy Adams Boatyard in Quincy, Massachusetts.



Steve Marsh's 22' owner-builder sloop.  
The 77' schooner *Red Witch*.



## **Shamus Goes To Sandusky**

By Greg Grundtisch

Shamus Donagain has a great fondness for old wooden boats. And he is absolutely crazy about sailboats. When he learned of the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, he joined right away. When he learned about the Regatta in Sandusky, Ohio he could hardly stand the wait until August. So when Friday August 13th arrived and the day's work was complete, Shamus was ready to go.

With his wife, the lovely and talented Naomi, they traveled west out of Buffalo (it's always good to leave Buffalo). They arrived Friday evening, and on Saturday morning drove to Battery Park Marina on Sandusky Bay. The day was overcast. There were strong gusty winds and rain was threatening.

Upon their arrival at the park there were no boats to be seen. "Where are they?" Shamus wondered aloud to Naomi.

"Maybe it was cancelled because of the weather," Naomi replied.

"They would have told us before now if it were," he said.

"Maybe we're in the wrong area, or maybe we're a little early. They went into the gift shop and spoke to the young lady behind the counter. "Do you know of a wooden sailboat regatta and show that is to be held around here today?" Shamus asked.

With a puzzled look she said, "No, but I heard about a wooden boat regatta next week." Shamus was stunned. Right about then Naomi began to laugh uncontrollably. Shamus thanked the young lady for the information and sulked out the door. Naomi, still giggling right behind.

"How can this be? Why would they change the date without telling us? Oh no," Shamus thought, "could I have gotten the date wrong?"

Dejected and crestfallen Shamus decided the only thing to do was to return to Buffalo. Most people who leave Buffalo do not look forward to returning. But in this case he couldn't wait to see what he had written on the calendar. When he looked at the calendar he saw August 21st circled with the words "Wooden Sailboat Regatta" in the center. Shamus had arrived one week early!

"What do I do?" he thought to himself. Crack open a can of fermented malt beverage, plan for next week, and get Naomi to STOP THAT LAUGHING!

## **The Return of Shamus**

And so, on to the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Regatta. Shamus and Naomi returned to Battery Park the following week, and there they were, about thirty boats. He couldn't believe his eyes. The first boat he saw was a 77' schooner, *Red Witch*, the largest in the event. Shamus had to tear himself away.

They moved on to the main section where most of the boats were tied up. There were Concordias, Herreshoff's, Tahiti ketchs, Alden cutters, yawls, Folkboats, builder-designer boats, R-class boats, Q boats, Yankee One

Design boats, and more, lots more.

Where to begin? Who does he talk to first? Ruthie, of course! Ruthie Goetz is the driving force behind this wonderful display of sailboats. 1999 was the 17th annual regatta and show. The location on Sandusky Bay was a perfect setting for a race. The marina in Battery Park had everything the sailor would need. It was very well attended by the public, and a great time was had by Shamus and Naomi.

The regatta was held on Friday afternoon. Saturday the boats were available for public viewing. The owners were there to answer questions and show off their prides and joys. The amount of work that goes into restoring and maintaining these boats is nothing short of amazing.

Shamus got to meet quite a few of the owners and inspect their vessels. The Society is a very friendly and engaging group of people. Shamus was impressed, not only by the boats and the G.L.W.S.S, but also by how easily accessible it was to the public, and how welcome they were made to feel. They were also encouraged to vote for the Veivers' Choice award. There were also a categories for Most Bristol, Most Improved, Oldest Yacht, and Yacht Sailed the Furthest. There was an awards dinner where these were given out.

Shamus had a difficult time trying to decide which to vote for. With so many big name designs it was tough to choose. He's very partial to amateur built boats so the 1992 22' Steve Marsh sloop caught his attention first, but the 1956 Swedish Folkboat was good too. *Tina*, the Concordia? No, *Trade Wind* the Tahiti ketch? Well maybe the schooner, or the ketch with all that brightwork? The Herreshoff?

Shamus didn't know what to do. He asked Naomi which one she was voting for, but she would not tell him. Shamus had to do something; they had to leave soon. So he wrote in *Sea Dog*, their 25' Friendship sloop. The boat wasn't there, but if she were Shamus just knew she would win. He can be a bit delusional at times.

They said goodbyes to their new acquaintances, and sadly departed for Buffalo. But they planned right then to return next year, on the CORRECT day, and bring *Sea Dog* with them.

The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society is a great organization. They have a wealth of knowledge and a storehouse of classic sailboat designs in wood. A sailboat lover's dream. Anyone interested in joining (it's free), should contact the G.L.W.S.S. 31538 Center Ridge Rd. Westlake, OH. 44145.

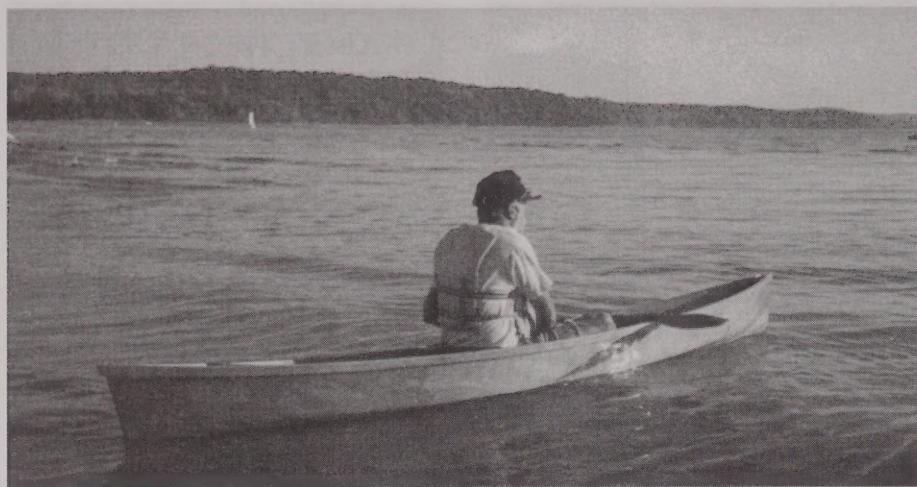


Tina, Ruthie Goetz's 31' Concordia.



The skipper of this classic yawl enjoys the cosy weather protection of a tidy pilothouse.





Jim Michalak contemplates the morning in Larry Appelbaum's Swamp Yankee canoe.



Jim gives rowing instruction to the first mate of a beautifully built classic rowing skiff, built from Edwin Monk's *How To Build Wooden Boats*.

Jim rows John and Susan McDaniels ashore from their Micro (not pictured) upon their late afternoon arrival. John apparently approves of the messabout!



## 1999 Lake Monroe Messabout

By Larry Appelbaum

This year's Lake Monroe Messabout in Indiana enjoyed the largest turnout in a number of years, and most of the folks were from the Indiana area, so hopefully they'll be back next year. The weather was truly perfect, and we had the best pot luck dinner ever at a messabout.

If you are interested in attending the Rend Lake, Illinois, Messabout next June, contact Jim Michalak at 118 E. Randall St., Lebanon, IL, 62254 to get on his mailing list, or check out his web page at <[www.apci.net/~michalak](http://www.apci.net/~michalak)>.

To get on Bob Bringle's mailing list for next September's Lake Monroe event, write him at 141 E. 44th St., Indianapolis, IN, 46205, or e-mail him at <[rbringle@iupui.edu](mailto:rbringle@iupui.edu)>.



Inside view of the skiff. White paint never looked so good!

This woman built a cute and seaworthy little 8' kayak from long-available plans. She is the only woman boatbuilder I have ever met.



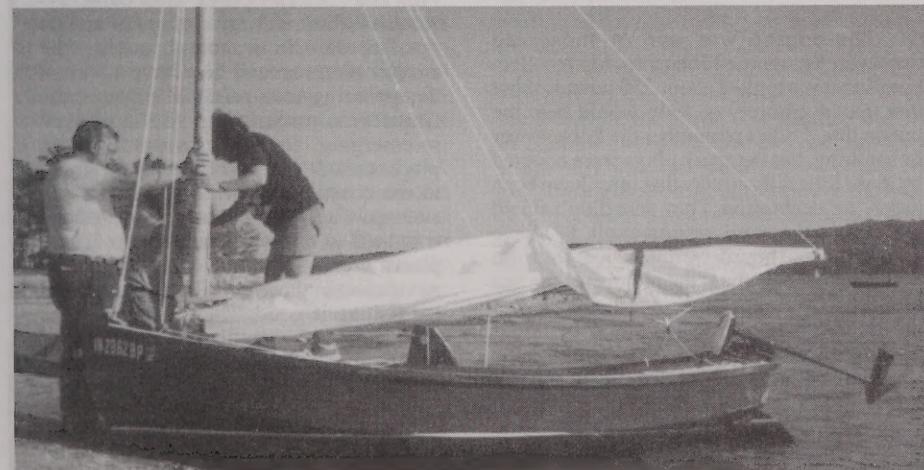


On the beach Saturday afternoon. The nearest boat is Joe Travis's Moondance.



Dave Gray sails his home designed and built traditional looking sharpie on its maiden voyage. Note the traditional looking polytarp sail.

Chris Flynn's Bolger/Payson Bobcat. It was his first boatbuilding project, so well built that I couldn't believe he finished it in 3 months, until he told me his family built mandolins for Bill Monroe (the father of bluegrass music, for you non-Midwesterners).



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When my father and uncles got home from WWII, things after the initial impact at least, were sort of tame, I guess. My father and mother, her youngest brother and his new bride decided to go all the way down the Ochlocknee River to the coast, a trip of over 100 miles through some mighty wild country. They must have missed the hardship of the war. I know that river well, and such a trip ain't easy. The way they did it turned out to be real hard.

They borrowed an aluminum boat from one of the new bride's uncles, an outboard motor, and loaded up with gas, whiskey, gin, groceries, and stuff and took off to have a pleasant trip. Where they put in is a relatively pretty good little stretch and they thought that they would just drift down like Huck and Tom except better, they would have whiskey, a motor, and women, important things to veterans of WWII. The first night's camping wasn't even too bad. It was a cool, early fall night and the skeeters were sort of slow.

They had a little drink or two around the fire and laughed and talked. The men thought about how lucky they were that they weren't still wading through the mangroves in the Pacific or climbing the rocky ravines in Italy with the trenchfoot, apt to get shot at any time. The women thought about how lucky they were that they weren't hanging around the house counting ration coupons and waiting for news. The next morning, things changed.

In the first place, the weather had warmed up and the mosquitoes, too. The drizzle that woke them up turned into real rain. They decided to go back and try again another day, but they couldn't crank the motor. After they had worked the plugs and dried off the old fabric covering of the spark plug wires, they

## River Trip From Hell

By Robb White

finally managed to whip it into running on one cylinder, but it didn't last long. The rain had come down from upriver where it had already increased the current, so they couldn't make any way against it with the paddle and the banks were too steep and slippery to tow.

They drifted and paddled down the river all day long in the rain. The mosquitoes ate them up. They had a bottle of 6-12 but it was as ineffective in Georgia as it had been on Guadalcanal. Things were pretty tough. The two vets started to get an old familiar feeling when the river began to get wide and shallow and so crisscrossed by logs that the boat couldn't go unless everybody got out and dragged. Then it got so shallow and rookey that they had to take the engine off and all the stuff out so that they could drag it.

Finally, they couldn't even tell where the main river was any more. They stood there, perplexed, in the drizzle. I got this whole story from each of them through the years. No mention was made of any arguing or blame being cast by anybody, which just goes to show you what kind of people we had both at home and afield during WWII.

It rained for two days. There was nothing for it but to plug on. Momma told me that they carried that damned boat, turned up sideways, through the black gum and cypress trees for one whole day, then went back for the motor and the stuff. All of them were ready to leave that whiskey and gin. My mother was all for leaving the outboard and the gas. My

uncle's young wife was for leaving the whole shebang, hiking up her skirt, and striking off through the swamp until she hit a road. All of them were sick and tired of the whole expedition. Finally they found the real river and it stopped raining.

But, it turned cold, real cold for down here, not only that, but my father developed this inflammation of the upper lip that didn't look good. He had been fooling with this little bump up next to his nose all that time. Despite warnings from the others, he had persisted until the damn thing had become infected. His lip began to swell up. After a long time of messing around with the motor, thinking that the dry weather would help it run, they finally gave up and started paddling, poling, and dragging again.

Finally they came to a bridge (called the WPA Bridge and many, many miles from civilization, even now). My uncle and his wife left Momma and my by now pretty sick father in the boat and struck out in opposite directions on the road to try to find a phone or something. One of them found a little house that was locked up and probably phoneless. They spent the night under the bridge in the boat hoping to hear a car coming. By morning, my father was delirious and his lip was swole up as big as a tomato.

Somehow, somebody caught a ride and he was hauled off to the hospital where the doctor said that they weren't a moment too soon. The doctor also said that it wasn't a good idea to drink whiskey to try to cure a blood-stream infection, might make you sick and delirious. It was years after that before any of us made it all the way to the coast on the Ochlocknee River, and we did it in a much more suitable boat.

## The Boat

The boat was a Reynolds and was one of the first aluminum boats ever built. It was 12' long and shaped sort of like the tri-hull fiberglass boats of the '60s and '70s. The seats were made of plywood with some kind of primitive crystalline foam stuff for flotation under them. The stem seat was a wide U-shaped outfit that became very dear to me in my youth and is a characteristic of the skiffs I build now. The Reynolds came with a special trailer. There was a spring-loaded eye built into the center of the boat that engaged with an overhead hook that was an extension of the trailer tongue. The wheels were on the bottom legs of an upside down "U" of pipe that straddled the boat and was welded to the overhead pipe. To retrieve the boat, you pushed the trailer down into the water by hand, engaged the hook with the eye, and pried down with the trailer tongue. That lifted the complete boat from the water. Then all you had to do was figure out how to get the whole mess up the hill to the car. That old Reynolds and its steel trailer were heavy as hell, thick aluminum and big pipe. We used that boat until the middle '50s down at the coast. Most of that time was after the salt water had et up the

trailer and we just dragged the Reynolds, just like they did back in the Ochlocknee River swamp. It was a pretty good boat as aluminum boats go. It would beat hell out of you in a chop, and finally metal fatigued and electrolysed into junk, but us children went many places and did many things in that old Reynolds. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and think that some of that old ancient foam dust has blown back into my eyes from under the front seat.

## The Engine

The engine was one of those old two-cylinder, opposed Johnsons. My recollection is that it weighed about 250 pounds. I bet that the adventurers of 1946 would bear me out on that. I don't remember the horsepower or anything, but the spark plugs were covered by these little silly covers that must have been purely for decoration. They sure didn't shield the plugs from spray or rain at all. I believe that same outboard is described in John Steinbeck's book about the biology of the Sea of Cortez. My experience now tells me that the river trip trouble was caused by water wicking through the fabric covering of the spark plug wires and into cracks in the old

rubber insulation underneath, causing the spark to hop out short of the plugs way up under the flywheel somewhere, a problem that can only be fixed by pulling the flywheel off or storing the motor in a dry place for two years and ultimately by replacing the wires.

## The River

The Ochlocknee River begins a little above Thomasville, Georgia. It is one of the smaller above ground drainage rivers in this part of the country (dwarfed by the Flint and Chattahoochee). Most of the rivers as small as it are spring fed and do not fluctuate in season so much. The smaller rivers around here have a way of disappearing into solution holes in the limestone underlying the soil and re-emerging, sometimes miles away, in places called "rises" to continue their way to the coast. Some of them run into big swamps where the current disappears and it is hard to tell which way to go. These places are called "dead lakes." Ignorant navigation in those dead lakes is hard, but the fishing is good. There are still a few old hands who spent their lives hook and line fishing commercially in those kinds of places.

**7/4/98: Conewago Lake:** Sonya and I are back-paddling *Tern*. The picnic areas on the lake are crowded and noisy. We should have brought *Sabot*. That way we could have found a quiet cove to anchor in and had our picnic on board. The park rangers empty the picnic area at dusk, so we decide to stay awhile and enjoy a quiet starlight paddle.

**7/7/98 - 7/10/98, Cayuga Lake, New York:** My friend Garth and I put *Sabot* in at Union Springs at the upper end of the lake. We have been planning this trip for almost nine months. Although Garth is a talented boat builder and an experienced canoeist, he has very little experience sailing. I have altered our original plan of sailing the length of the lake (40 miles) because I'm not sure he'll like long stints of sailing. The new plan is to sail up to the entrance of the Cayuga-Seneca canal (approximately six miles) and then lock through to Lake Seneca, returning the next day to Union Springs and perhaps day sailing the upper end of the lake as time permits.

The weather is horrible, typical for the Finger Lakes. We decide to stay at Castelli's Marina in town and wait out the dirty weather. Donna, who seems to single-handedly run the marina, is very nice and helpful. She answers every one of our stupid questions with a smile. In fact, everyone at Castelli's is nice.

While we are waiting for the rain to stop and trying not to die of boredom, we discover that not everyone in town is this gracious. There is a manhunt in progress for a child abductor, complete with an intoxicated, off-duty prison guard (who later turns out to be an agreeable old rascal) running up and down the docks waving a loaded 357. We are also awakened in the middle of the night by a pair of kids trying to steal our beer out of the cooler we left sitting on the finger pier.

Now things are really getting serious! Union Springs is a pretty glum place, kind of down in the mouth. It doesn't appear that the "rising economic tide" has raised any of the local boats. Consequently, most of these people seem pretty taciturn. Of course, when you grow up in a town where everybody's "dream job" is to be a guard at the state prison, I suppose you can be excused for having a negative attitude. The burgeoning prison industry seems to be New York State's notion of meaningful economic development.

By the way, Garth turns out to be somewhat claustrophobic. This is not a good thing when two of you are planning to sleep inside a 14' boat. Fortunately, copious amounts of beer and some cheap wine seem to lessen the effects of confinement.

On our second day, the weather appears to have actually gotten worse. We decide to take a "road cruise." We spend the day circumnavigating the lake, taking touristy pictures, and getting more depressed about the weather. This is a great trip!

The morning of the 9th is warm and still. This would be a nice change after two solid days of howling winds, but we need some wind to complete our sailing journey. We sail in the light air for most of the morning, mostly on a beam reach. Finally, the dying breeze heads us and we have to resort to using that hideous little motor. It runs perfectly for 15 minutes, overheats, and dies. We restart it...it dies again...and again... We continue under electric power for a while, but it soon becomes obvious that we will not have enough juice in the batteries to lock through to Lake Seneca

## A Letter From Xanadu Part II

By Cap'n. Freddy B.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea."

"Kubla Khan"  
Samuel Taylor Coleridge



Safe, snug, and dry at Castelli's, *Sabot* sports her new "back porch."

as planned and then return. We turn around and limp back to Castelli's.

Despite the disappointment of not reaching our goal, we manage to have a very pleasant day on the water. The scenery is beautiful and interesting, and the lake water is unbelievably clear. (We were told that this is the result of zebra mussel infestation.) We both find ourselves becoming mesmerized by the sight of the lake bed passing by 20' below us as we glide across the smooth surface. Besides, we have plenty of peanuts, smoked oysters, and cold beer to help us pass the time. We dock back at Castelli's as the sun is disappearing behind the rolling pasture land above the lake.

No sooner have we finished eating, than a hellacious thunderstorm is funneled down the lake from the north. We are nice and dry in *Sabot*'s cockpit under the canvas "back porch" my wife has made until the boat begins to bang against the finger pier as the wind clocks around. I exit my safe haven and get a thorough soaking. The rain suddenly quits just as I am sliding back under the cover. (This, incidentally, is the only time I will ever get wet during the entire year!)

The 10th is a truly outstanding day! We awake to deep blue skies and a fresh breeze from the north. Garth and I enjoy a bracing rail-down romp back and forth across the lake. Garth also proves himself to be a quick study and a natural sailor. He demonstrates why he

deserves his new sobriquet of "Zebra Mussel Garth" or "Zeeb," for short.

We haul out about 1:00 in the afternoon and are back in Harrisburg within six hours. Once again, I am reminded of how fortunate I am to have a fine little trailerable pocket cruiser and good friends to share adventures in her with.

**7/12/98, Conewago Lake:** The delightful weather we experienced in the Finger Lakes on the previous Friday has followed me home. Sonya and I have a glorious day of sailing and paddling *Tern*. The steaks we grill aren't too bad either!

**7/14-98 - 7/15/98, Bohemia River, Maryland:** My buddy, Capt. Mike, and I run down to Elk Neck State Park on the Elk and Northeast rivers in Maryland to put *Sabot* in for a quick "adventure." We have one hell of a southwest breeze to sail in. Oh boy, a broad reach in a gaff-rigged catboat! With a reef tucked in and both of us hanging our butts over the weather rail, we boil across the Elk and up the Bohemia in less than an hour-and-a-half. The sailing is great while it lasts. Unfortunately, we arrive at our anchorage way too soon. This would be all right except for the fact that we are in an entirely wild area and Capt. Mike likes his civilization. Usually, he and I cruise to St. Michaels, where he can avail himself of all the bars and restaurants.

Here, in the upper nether reaches of the pristine Bohemia, I fear he has reached an almost fatal level of boredom. He doesn't want to swim or explore in the dinghy. He just wants to complain. Nothing else to do but start mixing gin and tonics. We do some steaks, sing the moon down, tell lies, and kill an entire fifth of Tanqueray. What a great evening!

The next morning is dead calm (except for the drumming in our ears). There is a great deal of a greasy, brown scum on the surface of the water that smells like animal waste. Does the Chesapeake Bay Foundation know how bad it is up here at the Bohemia's headwaters? We motor sail back, heads pounding, under blessedly silent electric power. Even the herons ignore us and go on about their business as the great red Chesapeake sun bubbles above the surface at the horizon and begins to steam the backs of our necks like the two self-satisfied little crabs we are.

**7/18/98 - 7/25/98, Deep Creek Lake in western Maryland:** Sonya, our two erstwhile dogs, and I rent a lake cottage. We decide to take *Tern* since there seem to be limited opportunities for sailing the "big" boat here.

The scenery is spectacular and the weather is fantastic. While the bay area is suffering from the worst heat wave of the summer, we are wearing jackets most of the day here in these mountains. The boating, however, leaves a great deal to be desired. After death, Deep Creek Lake is the place where all the water skiers, jet skiers, and speedboat enthusiasts end up if they've been good. It is a kind of powerboat wake heaven. Naturally, this lake is the place where sailors and canoeists end up if they've been very bad in life. The only part of the lake that is suitable for paddling is a small inlet filled with stumps and snags (probably not a good place to water ski).

For some quiet paddling, there is a beautiful lake on the Savage River nearby which does not allow any motors. That lake has no developed or surfaced ramps, but there are launching areas that are suitable for canoes, kayaks, or other small craft. Also, the upper

Potomac here has been reclaimed from the deadly effects of mine acid by the Corps of Engineers project at the Jennings-Randolph Dam. We decide to do less paddling and more sightseeing, ending up at nearby Blackwater Falls in West Virginia. This high plateau area of the Appalachians is well worth checking out.

"And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river."

Back on Deep Creek, the early morning and early evening hours do finally provide us with some lovely paddling. It is a shame that so many of us seem determined to transport



Massive canal machinery on the Cayuga-Seneca canal.



Paddling through one of the few quiet places on Deep Creek Lake.

Sonya prepares for an evening paddle on Deep Creek Lake, surrounded by the "ubiquitous" power boats.



all the noises and annoying distractions of our mechanized lives to the few remaining quiet places. I will never understand why there can't be some places set aside for those of us who wish to "walk lightly" over this earth

**7/26/98, Conewago Lake:** Yes, here we are on our favorite local lake just one day after returning from what was supposed to be a great paddling vacation. Pinchot allows no gas engines. The only sound is that of the kingfisher chattering as he buzzes along the shoreline and the faint, delighted squeals of the children at the swimming beach being carried on the summer breeze. There are no powerboat wakes, and the air is pungent with the odor of honeysuckle instead of oil and partially burned hydrocarbons. This humble lake may be small and a little too "familiar" to us, but like Dorothy discovered the hard way, "There's no place like home!"

**8/2/98 - 8/4/98, Wye River/St. Michaels, Maryland:** Sonya and I finally take a cruise we have talked about for 15 years. Wye River is, in my opinion, the most beautiful area in the entire Chesapeake Bay. We have sailed here several times before, but we have never circumnavigated the island. We put in at Wye Landing and set off down the Wye East River towards the Miles. It is mostly a beam or broad reach until we turn into the main branch of the Wye. We beat up the narrow river and occasionally motor sail using the electric motor. Late afternoon finds *Sabot* in a lovely cove in almost 30' of water. We catch several crabs from the cold, dark water and steam them as an appetizer for our steak dinners.

We dinghy ashore to Wye Island the following morning. There is a small picnic area and an inviting path leading through the dark stillness of thickly interconnected oaks. We are completely alone on the island. Returning to *Sabot*, we motor sail to the low bridge that is the island's only connection to civilization. I quickly pull the pin on the mast tabernacle, dropping the mast and sail in one motion.

We drift through the low opening under the bridge, and the mast is back up in an instant. By the time we have circumnavigated the island and returned to Wye Landing, the heat is becoming truly oppressive. I lose my temper over loading up the dinghy and have a hissy fit, much to the entertainment of the local watermen sitting in the shade by the crab shack. It is a great relief to get the boat safely on the trailer and sit in the air-conditioned car for a few minutes.

A 30-minute drive brings us to St. Michaels, where we re-launch *Sabot* and sail over to the museum to get a slip and hot showers for the night. It is always a little amusing when the dock master asks the length of our vessel and I respond, "fourteen feet." After those hot showers we are ready for a pleasant afternoon sail, followed by some sightseeing and dinner at one of the dockside restaurants.

The morning of the 4th, we breakfast and enjoy a sail in the Miles River. We are the only vessel on the river except for some watermen running their trot lines. At noon, we pull the boat, and we are home by 5:00 in the evening.

**8/8/98, Conewago Lake:** We enjoy a warm and sleepy afternoon of paddling and a picnic dinner. The sunset is one of the most lovely I can remember.

**8/17/98 - 8/18/98, Shackleford Banks at Beaufort, North Carolina:** After visiting with my family in nearby New Bern, I put in



*Sabot* lies peacefully on the hook in one of the many beautiful anchorages on the Wye River.

at Turner Creek at about 11:00 AM. It is very warm and humid, but there is a fresh breeze blowing from the southwest. I have elected to take *Tern* on this trip since the 18" draft on *Sabot* could cause problems in this extremely shallow back bay (average depth MLW of 6"). I proceed under double reefed sail and find myself in very rough conditions with a foul wind. It is blowing whitecaps right on the nose. I drop sail and paddle for over two hours. I set up camp on Shackleford under the protection of some thickly gnarled trees. There are perhaps three or four people catching minnows in the shallows far down the beach.

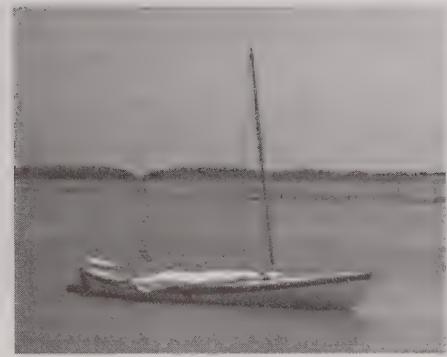
The ocean is a short walk across the dunes from my campsite. I am the only human being on the beach. The only sounds I hear are the incessant growling of the sharply breaking surf and the crying of the gulls.

As evening falls, a tremendous thunderhead passes just south of me, and I am spared the worry of dealing with lightning under these trees. There are virtually no insects, but the heat and humidity is oppressive. I discover that my water jug has been punctured. I will have to return tomorrow. I spend a sweaty, restless night listening to the silence around me. So, this is what the world would be like without people and all their noisemaking devices. I cling to my tiny battery operated "personal" fan for dear life.

Rising with the sun, I break camp and head back to civilization. I am forced to paddle along the shoreline in a small counter current



"Oh, those Wye River crabs!"



*Tern*, completely alone on Shackleford Banks.

to overcome the tide for about a mile-and-a-half. Then I am able to sail close hauled all the way back to the launching ramp. As I pass no more than 6' off Carrot Island, the usual inhabitants ruffle their feathers slightly and follow my improbable progress against the tide with a slow turning of their heads.

**8/23/98, Susquehanna River at West Fairview, Pennsylvania:** The river is completely clear and the current is slack due to growing drought conditions. We strike a few rocks and decide that *Tern* is simply too nice to treat this way. We resolve that we will try paddling a little further downstream by Harrisburg's City Island next time. The water depth there remains a steady 3' to 3-1/2' because of one of those ridiculous little dams we put on great rivers to block the migration of the shad and to kill hapless walleye fishermen whose jon boat anchors drag and allow them to be sucked over the top.

The mayor of Harrisburg doesn't like that dam much either. He wants to replace it with a "real" one so that he can sell hydroelectric power and create a huge playpen for jet skis. The politicians and real estate boys are also anxious to build a whopping video arcade and Hawaiian theme nightclub on the island, possibly leading to the introduction of riverboat gambling. It's nice to know that these folks have a deep and abiding appreciation for the history and natural beauty of one of the greatest rivers in North America.

**8/30/98, Conewago Lake:** I take *Tern*

out for a spin by myself today. The breeze is fairly consistent, which is unusual for this lake. Although I am slightly overpowered under full canvas, I'm content to hang over the weather rail during the puffs and then slouch down onto the floorboards in a sort of listless reverie during the short lulls in between. What a great day to be alone with my thoughts on a quiet mountain lake!

**9/5/98, Lake Clark on the Susquehanna River:** Capt. Mike and I go for an overnighter in his 26' Bristol sloop. It's a nice comfortable boat. Nice change of pace from a canoe or a pocket cruiser. Of course, we always spend half our time scrubbing the boat and making the boat ready to sail. Big boats are a lot of work and seem to get infrequent use. Mike pays more for dockage and haul-outs each year than either of our small boats cost to build or buy. I think Mike has used his boat four or five times this year because it's just too much trouble for him to go out alone.

Mike forgets the charcoal, so we can't make the deer steaks he brought along for dinner. We find a greasy spoon in town and have an interesting surf and turf platter (three shrimp and a minute steak). The girl who waits on us isn't sure what to do with her life, become a cosmetologist or a super model. Once she finds out we're both teachers, she insists that we map out her entire future for her. She's really a very good waitress, quite frankly.

(To Be Continued)

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I was living on the west side of New York, working for Hearst magazines right after a tour in the army in Europe in 1956. I walked back and forth to work, and in 1957 there was a boat show in the Coliseum, right on my path. I would stop in every night and head for the fourth floor where all the small boats and nut cases had booths.

One such who qualified on both counts was a Yugoslavian (whose name, so help me, was Slobodan) who offered a line of cold-molded, wooden dinghies, the largest of which was 10'. Because of weight, or tariffs or nuttiness, he had shipped this ten footer with only two of the (I think) four veneer layers completed. I got to chatting with him as best we could and maybe I bought him a couple of Harry's overpriced beers (\$.50!).

As by now they were closing the show, he offered to sell me this skeleton. I said sure. I handed him the \$5 and, to my shock, I now owned a sort of boat. It cost me a lot more to get it out of the Coliseum and onto the top of my Volkswagen. A ten footer on a bug was quite a sight. They sat on the street until I could drive out to my mother's house in Oyster Bay. It was a different New York city then.

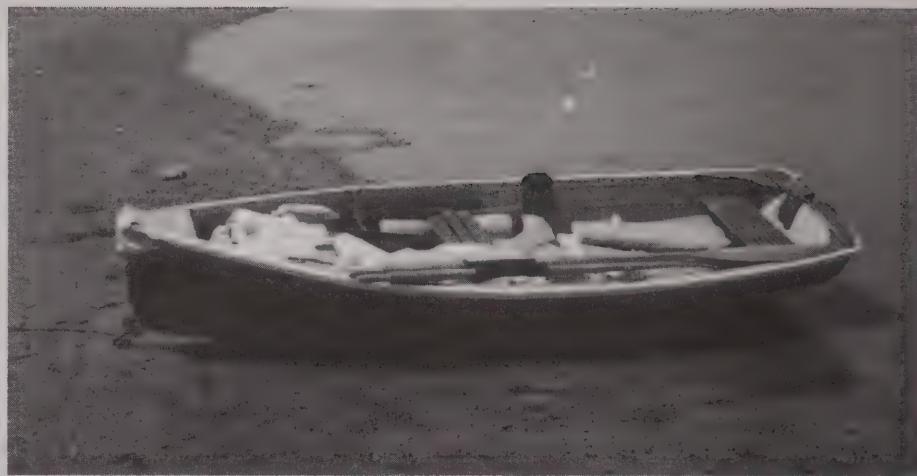
Mother, who would greet me with such warmth as, "Why Foster, what an unpleasant surprise. You don't have a cold, do you? If so, please leave" She could be bribed with a bottle of Gilbeys, and she subsequently allowed me to slide my boat on its side into her small garage. Then I kind of forgot about it.

I was an impecunious bachelor in NYC, busy writing for Hearst's *Good Housekeeping* as "Henry Taylor, *Good Housekeeping*'s male answer to their "Emily Taylor" a kind of one page Martha Stewart. "Henry" explained how to change a fuse, repair a driveway with bagged asphalt mix and build a sliding door bookcase from Sears in the simplest of terms. My engineering degree sometimes went bump in the night in disapproval of the tripe I was creating.

I was researching for *The Woman's Guide to Plastics* when I fell in with some advertising types from Union Carbide who liked taking me (an editor of a 15 million circulation "shelter book") to a place I recall as Dougherty's. I liked it a lot, as they didn't seem to have to go back to work, and I could drink and eat of the finest, something I had practiced in Europe.

On finding that I could hold my own, they made me a job offer that Hearst scoffed at

My "True Boat" and my "True Gal" off Orient Point.



## My True Boat

### More Than You Wanted to Know About Somebody Else's Boat

By Foster Nostrand

matching. Hearst also didn't have air conditioning and, although the lunches in *Good Housekeeping*'s test kitchen were superb, there was no bar stool to fall off of, and nothing to drink to make you do it.

The assignment at UCC was writing about the then new and miraculous epoxies. When visiting the laboratories in Bound Brook, I made a discovery. These Phds were expense accountable! I could buy sumptuous lunches at the Cranberry Inn to "establish rapport with the guys who knew". We called it, "rattling their cages". The challenge for epoxies was, of course, the established polyesters, and my weasel eye would spot five gallon pails of this resin, appropriate hardener (mek peroxide) in those days, and best of all, glass cloth. Back into my mind popped the hulk in Mom's garage. Complete it by glassing the little devil!

I don't recall how many lunches it took to assemble the ingredients, but I was popular with the Inn's management and with the techies, who started to call it "our boat". When I finally got to go out and inspect "our boat", I found to my horror that it was sadly out of shape from standing up on its side, and worse, Slobodan's laminations were parting company at an amazing pace. I don't know what sort of adhesive he was using but it looked suspiciously like library paste. I was about to abandon it to the fireplace when friend Phil said no, straighten it out and use it as a mold. Of course!

A fiberglass dinghy using Slobodan's transom, thwarts and seats. Mother Nostrand was off (with my Gilbey's) to a place she had in Dingman's Ferry (another story) and Phil and I manhandled the hulk into the basement, faired it with Spanish windlasses, and I laid up four layers of carbides cloth, using the then new fangled polyethylene dry cleaning bags as a parting agent (tip from the UCC techies).

First I built up the skeg with plaster, making it a tunnel from bow to stern. With all the curved sections I figured we had the strength to eliminate frames. It was exciting working with this stuff that "cured" rather than dried and which added a sense of deadline (curing

time) to the project. The outside skin took a little fairing with putty, using flour as the thickener. What did I know? The techies later told me about wood flour but what's the difference, really?

Now I had stunk up the house, basement to attic, with a styrene atmosphere to such a degree that Mom moved permanently to Dingman's Ferry. She was going anyway but it took six months for the odor to dissipate before the house could go on the market.

I also learned about glass cloth itch. But the techies said it was nothing compared to the dermatitis from epoxies. Epoxies didn't even have a reliable room temperature cure in those days.

The finished boat was 10' long, 46" beam and a practically straight run along the tunnel keel. I rigged a sprit sail right out of Chapelle, "near vertical leach is the key", fashioned a rudder, inserted the daggerboard, and sailed across Oyster Bay, past Argyle, past Baruna and under the overhang of Mrs. Post's *Sea Cloud*. On the way back I paid my respects to Mr. George Roosevelt in the engineless schooner *Mistress*, nodded to Commodore Cochran on *Little Vigilant*, and made peace with Harold Stillwell at his boat yard. "Nossie, when ya bringing your real boat around?"

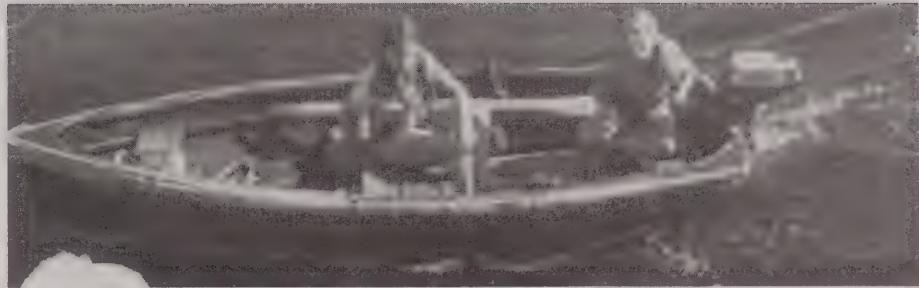
But it was a home for my little black dinghy. All my "yachts" have been black. The 26' open whaleboat conversion *Afrika*, done in by Hurricane Donna; the catboat *Victor* (recently completely restored) in which co-owner Jim Marguardt and I could haul the dinghy into the cockpit and still have room for a barn dance; the gaff rigged Novi schooner *Daniel White*, which the dinghy happily followed up and down New England for 25 years; the beach designed tug *Afrika* for 12 years. All black, all since moved on except for the dinghy.

Much wood has rotted or weathered away (she was stored on the dock all those years) and I have recently completed the fourth rough renovation, but never touched the GRP. Sails well, rows well, tows well. Isn't too heavy for me to drag up the beach even now. Carries three adults easily, two for sailing, and gets me back on the water for a bit of cardiac reha-

bilitation. We've come full circle. Once she was my only boat and now she's my only true boat. I'm not sure I'll have another.

In retrospect: By and large the "tunnel" keel was a good idea. True, it often precludes going ashore dry shod but it allows the boat to sail after a fashion without a daggerboard and is a great place for bilge water to go. Unexpected: When sitting on the beach the keel keeps the boat at such an angle that only a certain amount of rainwater can stay in. It runs out the down side and when the tide comes in the boat rights and the water goes into the keel beneath the floor boards. I can get in without bailing! Neat!

The transom is rounded on top with a sculling notch in the center. The rounded part proved an unexpected design advantage when I tried to turn the boat over on a dock and lost it. Instead of slamming down upside down, it rolled and absorbed the energy quietly. The sculling notch, bad placement. The tiller comes through it and with the rudder shipped you can't scull which would be handy once in awhile. Next time I'd ship the rudder on the centerline and put the notch out on the quarter, Bahama style. The other quarter has an outboard pad which puts the propeller in clean water not directly aft of the skeg. The skeg itself should have been steeply angled so I can drag the boat off the beach backwards, without cutting that deep rut, but what did I know, I was just a kid.



These two young princesses of long ago are now 40 years young.



Sailing sprit sail rigged in the Norwalk Islands, sail ala Chapelle.



Snugged up Greenport, Long Island, behind my tug *Afrika*, after being towed through Plum Gut the wrong way (below).



### The *Titanic*

About a year after high school, my friend John and I found ourselves "between jobs." John suggested that it would be fun to have a boat and that we could build one. I said, "No we can't. Building a boat is difficult and complicated and would take us all summer." He soon convinced me that I was wrong. We pooled our meager resources and went to the local lumberyard. We returned with a couple sheets of 1/4" plywood, some pine boards, and a fistful of nails. We "borrowed" a bucket of paint from John's brother in-law. When the dust had settled and the paint had almost dried, we beheld our *Titanic*.

It was a bright red, fully decked, 8' long shingle. Beam was 4', draft about 1", and freeboard 5". A bracket at the stem awaited an outboard. I made a round trip to UJ's and came back with a 3hp Johnson and the 30hp Evinrude. We launched her on the Hackensack River at the foot of a road in Little Ferry. She easily passed her initial capacity and stability tests (it didn't sink immediately). The "three" provided power for sea trials.

The trials were over in 15 minutes and it was time for the "30." Wow! I was the test pilot and I'm still here. When I first advanced the throttle, I had to climb as far forward as I could to keep the boat from going bow up and over backwards. We at the naval architecture laboratories had anticipated this and screwed a large handle from a screen door to the bow to make this maneuver easier. Once up on plane she really scooted along. It probably wasn't all that fast but it seemed like a million miles an hour to us. Yeha!

*Titanic* lasted many seasons and provided a lot of fun and laughs. She provided a test bed for hydrodynamic experiments that we conducted. These tests explored the effects of auxiliary planing surfaces. In other words, we nailed a couple paint roller trays to the bottom. This worked well. She could plane more level and go nearly as fast using only a 10hp motor. For just a little money and effort, this design provided a heck of a lot of fun.

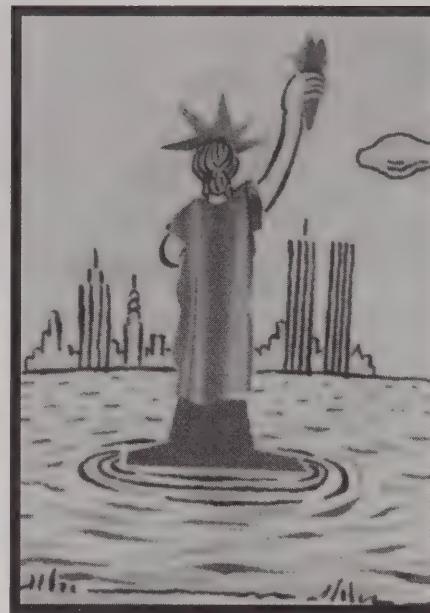
### Sailing With Bill Dallas Discovering Wind Power

I spent most of 1969 working a nine-to-five job that I really didn't like, but my boss, Bill Dallas, was an OK guy. Every year, he gave a party for his employees at his summerhouse in Mantoloking. The party was the usual barbecue, except for one thing. Bill took all his guests for a cruise on his sailboat. I'd never been on a sailboat before and, frankly, I didn't expect sailing to be much more interesting than watching paint dry. The boat was a fiberglass sloop, about 22'. Bill and three or four of us drones went aboard at Beaton's Boatyard. It was a breezy day. The sails filled and we glided away from the mooring. The boat heeled, accelerated, and kicked up a nice little wake. "Wow!" says I. "This ain't bad. There's something interesting going on here. And no stopping for fuel. Hmmm..."

That day infected me with the sailing bug and the symptoms recur often. I'm sorry the job didn't work out, but thanks for the bug, Bill.

### Sailing a Rowboat

My newly acquired sailing bug was festering rapidly. The current issues of *National Geographic Magazine* were carrying the story of Robin Knox Johnson. He was just about



## Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

### Part 7

#### Boating from Behind the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

I must down to the seas again, for  
the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may  
Not be denied.

John Masefield

my age and was sailing around the world solo. I had a compelling need to be propelled by the wind, but I had no sailboat. Or did I? Hmm, the rowboat, and that long, stout piece of bamboo!

I nailed the bamboo to the front seat and rigged another shorter length of it to swivel on my new mast. I stayed it with stout twine. A trip to the local material store yielded several yards of unbleached muslin. I cranked up Grandma's dusty old Singer and produced a roughly triangular mainsail. The plywood rudder was dug out of a scrap pile.

I knew I was on the right track and my rig was producing power because 20' into the first cruise the weather stay parted from the strain and the elastic modulus of the mast was exceeded. Yes, the entire rig went overboard. I replaced all the stays with Bowden (push-pull control) wire. At UJ's suggestion, I installed a leeboard. It was a seat back from the skiff, nailed to the side, just aft of the mast.

Thanks to these sophisticated modifications, I was able to sail like a demon, downwind. Any attempt to get closer to the wind than a dead run produced a sideward skid downwind. In no time at all I found myself at the far, downwind shore of the Manasquan. It was a long and humble row back to the dock.

This noble experiment, unencumbered by the thought process, is preserved for posterity in pictures taken by Cousin Frank.

### The *Clearwater*

Winter passed and spring found me back at Point Pleasant. It was late in the day when I looked over toward Carlson's dock. A single mast was towering over the shed roof. It was far taller than any mast I'd seen there before. What boat could it be? I walked over to find out.

Alongside was a lovely wooden sloop. She looked a hundred years old and brand new. Her crew was young men and women. They explained that she was the *Clearwater* and indeed was newly built. Funding and construction were spearheaded by folk singer Pete Seeger. She's a generic replica of a 19th century Hudson River sloop. The type used to carry freight and passengers on the river. She was built and would operate to educate and inform people about environmental and water quality issues.

*Clearwater's* visit at Point Pleasant was a rest stop on her voyage home from Washington, D.C., where she had participated in celebrating the first Earth Day. The year was 1970. I asked the captain if they could use an extra hand on the leg to New York, and he said that would be fine.

I rose early the next morning and found the crew preparing to cast off. The Coast Guard had demanded a modern engine for safety reasons, and it was used to motor away from the dock and out Manasquan Inlet to a mile or two offshore. Here we lowered the centerboard and raised the sails. If I recall, the *Clearwater* is 90' plus long on deck and way over 100' overall. Her gaff-rigged mast is 100' plus. Hoisting sails of such size is a very different procedure than the casual drill used on a little day-sailor. The main halyards were led aft from blocks at the foot of the mast. Except for the helmsman, the crew was equally divided, port and starboard on each line. On the order to heave, we sang a simple but rhythmic old sea chantey to coordinate our pulling efforts.

It may seem corny to you hip musicians, but it really gets a job done. Once the main was set, the jib went up in similar fashion. The engine was shut down and we sailed north quietly. Too quietly, some of the crew felt. The top staysail was broken out. One fellow climbed to the top and the third sail was soon flying between the masthead and the gaff. I think it had a reddish sunburst painted on it. After lunch I was offered a turn at the helm. The tiller is huge and about waist high. Moving it requires not a wiggle of one's arm but a firm grip and a deliberate step from side to side. The response of the big boat to the tiller was, needless to say, different from that of Ed Hock's lobster boat. It took me a while to settle down my steering and hold the compass card steady.

Our turn into Ambrose Channel required a change of tack. "Ready about" was called, then "Hard alee!" The breeze was light and, by the time she turned into the wind, she'd lost all way. Flutter, flutter, luff, luff. We fell off and tried again, and again. She'd just get stuck "in irons" every time. "Well, bleep it," said the skipper, "we'll have to jibe." Everyone was instructed to get forward and to keep his or her heads down. I was crouching low, next to the tiller. We turned down wind and

soon heard "Jibe ho!" The *Clearwater's* boom is proportional to the average telephone pole. It came whistling over our heads.

On a port tack we serenely glided through the Narrows and past Manhattan. It was now rush hour and we were making better progress up the river than the cars on the Westside Highway. The skipper radioed home base, advised them of our position and suggested a call to CBS radio for a possible mention of us by the traffic helicopter. I don't know if the publicity request was fulfilled.

The sun set as we tied up to a pier at Dobbs Ferry. I said thank you and good-bye and took a train to Grand Central Terminal, walked on 42nd Street to the Port Authority Bus Terminal and soon was home in Hasbrouck Heights.

#### Cousin Frank's Old Speedboats

UJ's son Frank was about 15 years old and wanted a zippy boat to run around in. He would have liked a 300hp Donzi, but he compromised and happily accepted a 13' McKee with a 33hp Johnson. The McKee was generally like a Boston Whaler, but heavier and less expensive.

The old wood skiff was history now and we cousins all spent a lot of pleasant time in the McKee. Frank was a pretty good "boat driver," but sometimes his 15-year-old spirits would take command. Offshore powerboat racing was becoming popular, and Frank loved

to take his boat into the ocean and try to jump waves like the "big boys" did. Luckily, he never flipped it or pitch-poled, but he came close.

It was well after dark when Frank, Cousin Guy, and myself were tooting around in the McKee. We were on the upriver side of the Manasquan River Railroad Bridge. Dad always told me to line up with the bridge far from the opening in order to see any traffic coming the opposite way. Frank didn't do that this night. He ran close along the bridge. When we got across the opening, we were nearly the "T" as in "T-bone." Another bozo was coming through the bridge at full throttle. The bow of his 30' boat was out of the water. The white curl of his bow wave splashed us as we passed within inches. I don't exactly remember the big boat, but it was a lapstrake Luhrs with green bottom paint and white topsides, mahogany transom, and running lights lit. He probably never saw us until we yelled at him after he passed. He slowed down.

Perhaps inspired by our *Titanic*, Frank bought a couple of old wooden speedboats from one of his school chums. I think he paid \$20 for both. They weren't hydroplanes, but were originally built for a light driver and maybe a 10hp outboard. They had been lying neglected under a tree for some time. We had to scoop a lot of rotted leaves from inside them. Did this give us a clue to their condition? No! We slapped on a coat of yellow la-

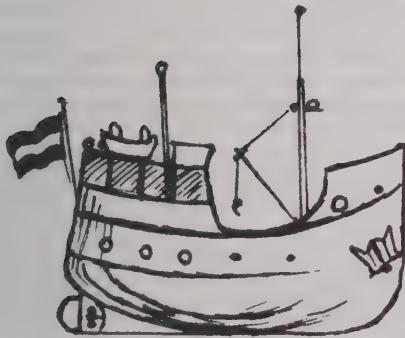
tex paint and "borrowed" the 33 from the McKee.

My brother Blaise was elected to be test pilot that day. To make him look cool, we put an orange life vest on him and topped it with a plastic football helmet. Even at a standstill, he had to keep his weight forward in the boat to prevent the stem from sinking under the big outboard. Several leaks were immediately apparent but they didn't seem too severe. "B" idled away from the dock where we stood watching. He lined her up parallel with the "viewing stands" and gave her the gun. As the bow rose we heard a loud CRACK.

"B" pulled the power off and proceeded slowly while he, and we, realized what had happened. We scrambled into the motorless McKee and began frantically and clumsily to paddle our way to the stricken racer. When the "safety crew" reached it, the only thing supporting the speedster was the air trapped in its bow. While the others got "B" into the rescue boat, I dove down with a rope and tied it to the rapidly sinking engine. Adrenaline is marvelous stuff.

The engine was fine after we flushed it with fresh water, brother Blaise also. Not so the boat. The engine thrust had hinged the transom out of it. The other boat was found to be in worse shape and both were abandoned. I'd say we got way more than \$20 worth of thrills and chills from them.

(To Be Continued)



It was a major disservice to American boatmen that a ruling requiring a full-complement crew on seagoing ships was made applicable to small coasters. This ruling for large seagoing vessels certainly killed the trade for 350 to 500 ton coasters, as they could not survive, paying such a large crew.

In northwest Europe this problem of proper licensing was solved differently, by allowing more than one license to be carried by a crewman on such small tonnage, so that a man could be both a first mate and a first engineer, or a third mate and a wireless operator. This made it possible for these little craft to carry a reduced crew, and make them economically feasible. They became a haven for any seaman with an independent and entrepreneurial spirit.

## Dream Boats

### The Ubiquitous Coaster

By Richard Carsen

Five or six men would get together and form a cooperative venture, actually owning and operating one of these small ships. That this was a lucrative business can be shown by the fact that most craft were paid off in two years; yet the men took home a very decent pay. Small coaster trade was so successful that the British, who used much larger vessels in their coastal trade (3000 to 5000 tons) were forced to introduce a law that would prohibit foreign ships from trading between British harbors.

Everywhere you looked prior to WWII you could find these busy little ships, up and down the coasts of Europe. During WWII I even found one in equatorial Africa, in Freetown, Sierra Leone. Its skipper seemed to be making a living, or at least adding to his income, by piloting big vessels upriver to the rickety pier of the oildock. It was here that the convoys coming from England were disbanded, and others going north were assembled.

Had Hitler not invaded us in May, 1940, this might well have been my trade. Shortly

before finals at the Amsterdam Maritime College, I had been approached by such a group, but Hitler's war blew my dreams, and those of millions of other young men, to smithereens, changing the entire future for all of us.

They were cheap then, those small coasters, 20,000 Dutch florins (then about \$8000), when many ordinary houses cost less than that. They earned handsome returns, in contrast to many large ships which had difficulty making it. Real biggies, like *Queen Mary* or a *Rex*, never made a profit. The big bulk-carriers were the exception.

Having left the field of shipping in 1952, I do not know how it is now. And not having been back to Holland since 1956, I do not know whether the coasters survived in the postwar economy, but they certainly enjoyed a good trade while it lasted.



I spent the winter completing the cabin and the galley cabinets. I can't do joinery. My joinery is more of a casual relationship. It is a good thing that epoxy works well with a sloppy joint. Since I couldn't attempt cabinetry, I looked for something shippy to put in the galley for the sink, faucet, and propane camp stove to sit on. At 48" wide the counter and facade would fit between the after cabin bulkhead and the midship bulkhead, port side.

I found some spice cabinets made in China out of solid oak and with a cute fiddle around the top. Two of these, slightly reconfigured, gave me a facade with four opening doors and two cubby holes above the doors. The tops were removed, fiddle and all to be shelves on the cabin walls.

I used 3/4" ply for the countertop with narrow woodgrain formica that matched the color of the golden oak. I bought a stainless wok at K Mart and put a drain fitting in it for the sink. A gift Instahot faucet became my waterspout. A modified electric bilge pump hooked to a big push-button on the front of the cabinets where I could lean on it with my hip, and I had a water system connected to a six gallon plastic jerry can under the side deck in the back of the galley cabinets with a fill hose going through the cockpit bulkhead.

Spring came, so I put the boat back into the water, after building very secure 2"x4" battery racks for three batteries on each side, port and-starboard, slightly ahead of amidships. There is also a 2"x4" beam over the top of the batteries lengthwise as well, so they are locked down with not even the water caps left unsecured.

I wired the batteries in parallel three on a side. I used #10awg solid copper house type plastic sheathed conductor. If the boat had an engine, I couldn't use solid because of shaking, but my boat doesn't shake. Solid wire lets you wrap around terminals without crimp lugs and is better electrically and mechanically. I fed the wiring through holes in the bulkheads under the side decks and aft to the lazarette where I put a distribution panel that I made from scratch from an epoxied plywood base with stainless bolt terminals and A/C type 30amp double breaker for a main switch (it opens when shorted). One battery bank cable from port side, one from starboard. When the switch is on they are paralleled again to put the whole 600amp hours on the 12v motors.

I decided to use the boat as an electric picnic boat for the summer. I put in a mess table and bench settees made out of the oak plywood over 1/2" pine ply. The bunks are 76"

## A "Tree House Class" Pocket Coaster

### Part 2

By Jason Spinnett

by 24" wide with 1"x4" inch frames with lift up plywood bottoms for stowage. At the Helping Hand mission store, I found a right sized pair of matching chaise lounge cushions, very top quality, the kind that let water pass through without getting soaked up. The first time I lay down to test one on the boat I went to sleep.

Outside in the cockpit I made a lift up hinged section in the starboard seat, under which I put the potty bucket with a kitchen type plastic garbage bag liner and a genuine walnut toilet seat on top. The hinged cockpit seat is lifted up and locked with a hook to its seatback. What could be more sensible out on the water than an alfresco head especially for a singlehanded rig. There is paper in a watertight container. If privacy is needed, the potty is carried by its handle into the foc'sl and used there, to be returned to under the trapdoor immediately thereafter.

Performance-wise the hull was still a kite in the breeze. I picked up more cross wind from the upswept bow than I did with the cabin because the bow had almost no draft. I didn't move sideways much but wind swung the bow. It skidded all over the place, so I put that leftover bow thruster on it and steered it with its cockpit switch which gave me plenty of control in the crosswind. With 421bs thrust on the trolling screw it moved at no-wake speed (trolling speed) through the canal and in the bay.

On December 1st I hauled it out on the trailer and parked again in the front yard, off to the side under the trees on the property line. I keep myself motivated by doing the task that fascinates me at the moment. The most fascinating was to design electric propulsion integral with the rudder. Since the troller had a good transom clamp, tilt up, and pivot at the top, I had only to make a pivot at the bottom next to the waterline to take the side forces when the rudder is turned into the flow.

I found a castoff brass anchor rode bow roller, removed the brass wheel and bolted on two PVC curved faces so that the 1" stainless steel shaft wedged in the vee when the rudder was down. The trolling motor mechanism has a series of notches that keeps the shaft from

tilting out of the vee unless released. I used lots of 5200 adhesive caulk to keep that lower fitting tight onto the end of the keel at the transom.

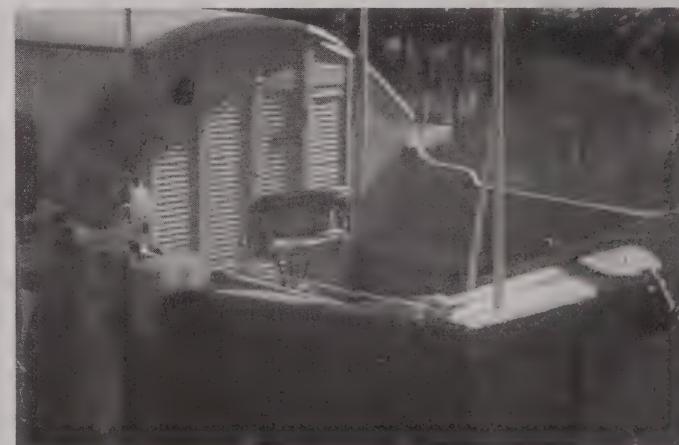
I made the rudder out of 3/4" pine plywood with a glassed kick-up blade of 2 square feet area, pivoted just above the waterline. The upper body of the rudder is fastened to the vertical shaft with two brass straps wrapped "U" shape and screwed into the plywood. There is little strain here since the tiller is not fastened to the shaft but to the rudder body. I used two 8"x 6" stainless steel plates sandwiched on either side with a 1/2" galvanized pivot bolt, plus 4 stainless steel 1/4"x 20 through bolts to hold the upper and lower rudder assemblies together.

For a tiller I chose 5/8" plywood, drew a graceful bulb and arm with a stylish curve and made two. After epoxying both, I put them on either side of the uppermost rudder body with the usual 1/2" galvanized bolt through the three layers. At the end of the tiller I put a driftwood hiking handle that was deeply grooved between the grain ridges and about 2" in diameter. I pivoted this between the two sides of the tiller after mortising the end down to 3/4" thickness. The driftwood hiker is even more heavily epoxied. The driftwood decor serves notice that the "funkyness" is intentional.

What did I do about the speed control/tiller handle already on the trolling motor? Good question. This problem fascinated me so that it became the next project. I removed the handle/controller assembly and removed the rotary switch. I cut the long shaft on the switch down to 2" inches in length and put a toggle through it with a stainless steel bolt. I made a housing, mounted an ammeter in it, and mounted it on the aft bulkhead of the cabin about knee high on the port side. This meant that I needed to run electrical wires from the motor shaft to the controller switch. Every electrician has a box of leftover wire, in this case good machine wire AWG12. It runs under the cockpit seats out of sight.

Next I bought t&g pine flooring and did the second layer on the decks, which had felt spongy underfoot with only 1/2" plywood. The ribbed t&g transformed the look of the whole boat. I sealed the t&g with the best quality sealer I could find, keeping the golden look, even though I knew it would change rapidly over time.

Next came the rubrail with 1"x 5" treated pine lumber. It made a bulwark looking rubrail almost flush with the deck topside. To bend the deck planks to the proper curve and warp,



I wedged them one by one between three close trees in the yard and torqued them with the come-along for a few days each. They were green so as they dried they kept the warp pretty well. It was very dry outdoors at the time. To fill the gap around the perimeter where the deck met the rubrail, I used synthetic hemp rope wedged into the crack.

About this time I screwed up my courage and tackled the really bad problem, the leaking keel. I had to grind off the protruding keel, about 2" of it, down even with the rest of the hull. I got a chainsaw toothed wheel for my small hand grinder and lay on my back on the ground under the trailer with goggles and gloves in place and carved all of it off. I troweled on a thick layer of 5200 into the rough edge of the laminated keel and into the seams where the hull sheathing abutted the keel. Then I put on a few coats of bottom paint.

It worked, and now my hull doesn't leak. I now have a flow through system where the deck leaks around the perimeter and runs down the inside of the hull and into the bilges. Until I got an automatic bilge pump that "feels" for water on its own, I used to try to use paddle type float switches in that shallow bilge and it was a hassle. Now when rain runs into the bilges, it pumps out with the automatic pump and the bilges stay sweet and pure, especially since there is no stinking gas and oil to muck them up. After the keel repair worst case scenario, every job seemed like child's play.

About this time a friend traded me a big old Motorcraft trolling motor that had a pulse width controller. He gave me the motor and mount but kept the controller. I mounted it on a hinge at the transom to one side where an outboard would go and put a breaker switch on it across the line, full bore or nothing. This doubled the thrust to 84 foot pounds, giving a harder push against wind or tide because of increased propeller blade area, but only a little more speed because trolling motors are wound to turn at a limited rpm and not go any higher, regardless of the load or lack of it.

Electrically, even though the factory undersized the wires to the motors, when they are both are pulling they tend to each draw

less current and the wires don't heat up like they do when used alone. I raise and lower it by sliding it in its pillow block type mountings. It stays down fore and aft in the water with just the thumb screw ring on the shaft securing it in place, or up turned flat against the transom. If I don't raise it first, it kicks up when the sail power outruns it.

It originally had a neat little electric tilt-up operated by a rack and pinion with 12v motor. I got a gleam in my eye looking at this and designed power steering. My brother had that wooden wheel on his wall. I mounted the rack and pinion motor (about the size of a windshield wiper motor) under the rear deck and put a stainless stud into the rack which was already drilled and tapped in an appropriate place. I cut a 3/8" wide by 10" long slit through the deck for the stud to travel along and then simply let the two sides of my tiller trap the head of the protruding bolt. I mounted the woody wheel on the cabin bulkhead on the port side and mounted a paddle switch so the spokes of the wheel would contact the switch paddles.

With this in operation, I went out for four hours and had only to jog the wheel to make course corrections and let the boat sail itself. I had to run some more wires under the seats but that was easy. Incidentally, I use those small automotive spade fuses in line in each circuit I install. I prefer to put the fuses in line near the device they power so I can see the device when I replace the fuse.

I designed and fabricated the leeboards with epoxy, glass cloth and more epoxy on both sides of the 5/8" plywood. I drilled the holes in the hull at its widest point, which came in at the center of effort. The long bolts lay alongside the bulkhead inside the boat so I put a big square washer on the bolt fitted into a pocket slit cut into the bulkhead for lateral anchor, adjusted with a nut. The bolt is held alongside the bulkhead with two stainless steel "U" bolts.

To raise and lower the leeboards I scabbed on a lever made of oak plywood and stainless sheet 2" wide by 32" long, set at a 45 degree angle so that the lever arced from the

rubrail forward to the rubrail aft as the leeboard went from up to down. I put a heavy duty 2' bungee into an eye on the end of the lever and the other end hooked over a ring on deck. Later I hooked it to a line that has a ring which hooks over a stud on deck aft far enough to be reachable while I hold the tiller.

Now the leeboards can be tacked like the sail for greatest efficiency, or when maneuvering, or over shallows. I just let both boards float about 9" into the water. Later I linked the two boards together with a line athwart the deck immediately forward of the forward cabin, rigged with a little stainless pulley on each side so when one board is pulled down the other is drawn up. It was April first. I put the boat back in the canal. Time for a whole new set of problems.

(To Be Continued)

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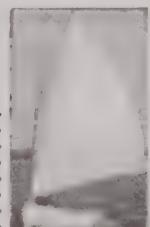
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In New Zealand, like the trading scows, the mullet boat goes way back to the early days of the colonization of the nation and, from what I can gather, having talked to some people with more than just a haze of knowledge, the "mullety" as this sailing craft is affectionately referred to, probably goes back to the late 1800s.

In Auckland there are many such boats around today, some being cruised, and a great many still being seriously raced annually for the Lipton Cup, a trophy considered to be the "Holy Grail" of the mullet boat world. The story of this prized trophy that permanently resides in the Ponsonby Cruising Club warrants relating. Sir Thomas Lipton, acting upon receipt of a photograph of a group of mullet boat owners, all attired in absolute splendour with jackets, peaked caps, et al, in front of the grand looking Esplanade Hotel at Devonport on the north shore side of Auckland's harbour (which, in requesting a trophy, they said was their clubhouse), promptly forwarded the impressive and now much coveted trophy which has been competed for annually for over 75 years.

The mullety was, of course, designed for the purpose of netting mullet normally found in shallow waters and in the estuaries of Auckland's Hauraki Gulf. Built of New Zealand Kauri pine, the boats were usually about 8 metres in length, and drew approximately 600 mm of water with the centreboard up. It was sailed with a cutter rig, and they were sprightly on and off the wind. According to one knowledgeable gentleman I spoke to, "they flew like a goddamn bird when on a reach!"

Today they are revered, many having been prized from mud banks and raised from creeks and rivers, then lovingly restored over long periods of time. Such a craft today would put a severe dent in the bank balance. The Commodore of the Ponsonby Cruising Club (coincidentally situated right next door to the New Zealand Yacht Squadron housing the America's Cup at Westhaven Marina) is Ron Copeland. Such an avid fan of the mullet boat, he has had several and today still owns the only sailing 26' mullety *Nomad*. Retrieved from the mud flats of the Auckland's

Dave Moore with his RC model of the mullet boat *Nomad*.



## Mark Steele on Real and Model Mullety's

### The New Zealand Mullet Boat The Harley Davidson of Auckland's Harbour



The 26' *Nomad* seen wave-blasting on the waters of Auckland's Hauraki Gulf.

Waitemata Harbour by Ron, he then spent 12 long years in order to restore the boat to the condition it is in today.

He still uses it, of course, and come America's Cup time when the club will be hosting some 25 to 30 classic boats for a supporting regatta, *Nomad*, I am sure, will be out on the water, her proud owner at the helm. Whereas *Nomad* is no longer raced, Copeland is not averse to giving the boat free reign on ultra windy blasts on the waters of the Hauraki Gulf, as the photograph shows.

On the model front, whereas there are many scale display models of mullet boats in various clubs and organizations, the only RC model that I have been able to find is the one of *Nomad* built by my friend, Dave Moore of

The model seen on the wind at Onepoto Lake, Auckland.



Auckland. An Electron owner/sailor (and for those unaware, the Electrons are the successful little RC yachts built by Des Townson, whose late father owned and sailed the mullet boat *Nomad*), Moore in 1999 built and now sails the model shown here.

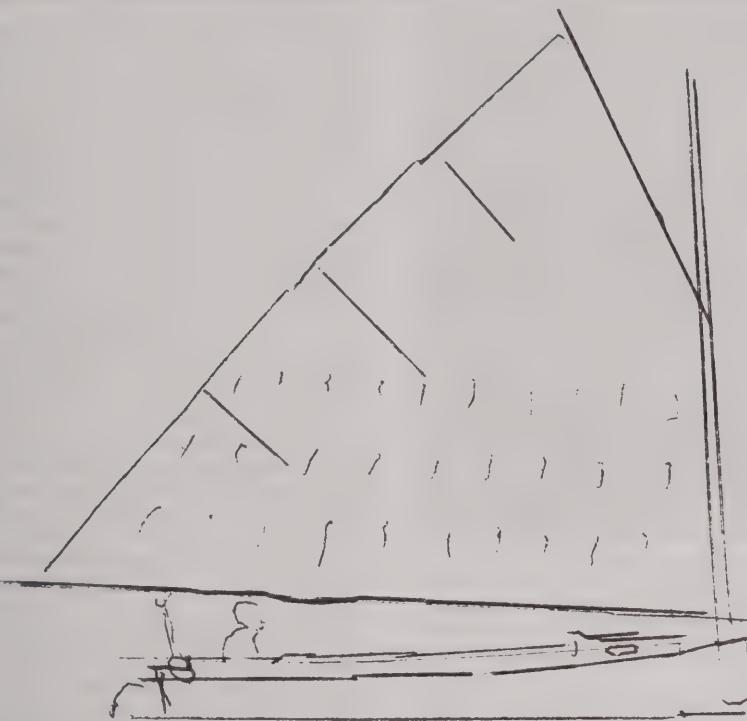
What a performer the little boat is, too, and my prediction is that, given time, others with past years of mullet boat connection are going to follow suit. Who knows, in the not too distant future a model mullet boat class unique to New Zealand could result from Dave Moore's model of *Nomad*.

Built of balsa and then fibreglassed, the spars of the model are of laminated cedar, the sails of spinnaker sailcloth, and the shrouds of fishing trace. The original mullet boat centre plate would not have worked in a model, so a Kevlar 1m boat fin and bulb were used. Mullet boats have always nose-dived without their entire crew weight on the tuck of the wind, so delta wings were attached to the model's bulb, and later, also to the "barn door" rudder extension, the wings with a reversed angle of lift aft of the centre of buoyancy. Altogether a grand and quite unique little RC boat that I have enjoyed the odd sailing of.

Any *Messing About in Boats* reader likely to be in Auckland is most welcome to call me. Not only can I probably arrange for them to see and have a sail on Dave Moore's model mullety, but I have always been told by Ron Copeland that visitors are welcome at the Ponsonby Cruising Club, where I think you will be able to judge which of the two yachting trophies (the America's Cup or the Lipton Cup) are the most impressive. I have my own views, of course.

In conclusion, American readers will, I feel, smile at the oft-quoted description of the mullet boat, "the Harley Davidson of the (Auckland) harbour." That sounds like something created at the bar of the cruising club after "consumuncion of quit a few bittles of Frew Zealand deer, er beer."

(Mark Steele can be contacted on telephone or fax (country code) 64 (city code) 09 4104402. He is the publisher of his model yachting thrice-yearly magazine *Windling World*. His address is 42 Trinidad Road, Forrest Hill, Auckland.)



## Carol Nickerson's Catboat

By Ed Tucker

My early life was spent in North Chatham, Massachusetts on Cape Cod where I remember seeing Carol Nickerson's catboat sailing up the harbor. I was only five years old then but I can remember seeing her. Carol had been sailing his boat since 1890 at least because my grandfather, who died in 1900, had built a mast for him.

Carol's catboat was about 26' long and had about 11' beam. She was one of the older Crosby boats, having been built in the late nineteenth century. She had a high peaked gaff which I believe he added to her original rig. She was a terrific boat in a light breeze and would easily beat us sailing in our Baybird when we tried to compete with her.

Carol was one of the last of the catboat fishermen who sailed out of Pleasant Bay, where there had been 50 or so boats of that type going. My Uncle Joe can remember seeing them all. One of them was owned by a man called Eye Ball David, whose eyes my uncle said he could sticking out before his boat hove in view.

Carol kept his boat over to Round Cove which was off Pleasant Bay. He had no power in her to push him during a calm spell. There was a narrow channel going into Round Cove, but he managed to sail in and out with little difficulty. He had put a little motor in her at one time, but one morning when he wanted to go fishing he couldn't start it. This made him so mad he unbolted the engine and threw it overboard. He never had an engine again.

One day I sailed up to Round Cove in my skiff. He had his boat ashore scrubbing the bottom which was the thing to do in those days. I talked with him for quite a while and he told me about my grandfather who had died long before I was born.

On a day it was coming on a northeast

breeze while many were fishing on the Crab Ledge, Roufie Nickerson's 18' catboat was the last boat to leave. When he squared away to run before it he capsized, but with the bow still afloat, Roufie hung on. Carol saw him and turned back to rescue him. He dragged his sheet across him and thereby saved him. Roufie never went catboat fishing after that, but he built a 24' power boat and fished in her as long as he was able to.

Another time a couple of fishermen were digging some clams on Ram Island flat when Carol saw them. He sailed up, put his catboat ashore, got out and started digging. He filled a couple of drainers and then got back aboard, backed her off, and then sailed back home. I think he used the clams for bait because he went fishing the next day, and clams made good bait for codfish.

Carol lived to be quite an old man. He finally sold his boat to a couple of young fellows who sailed her to Stage Harbor through the cut which was there before they built the dyke. She promptly sank that night, and when they hauled her out on the railway the next day I examined her keel for worm holes. The holes were big enough for snakes to crawl through so I guess Carol got full use of his catboat. He had never hauled her out. I don't know what he plugged those worm holes with but he managed to keep her afloat for the many years that he owned her.

I don't know whether the young fellows who bought her ever rebuilt her or not, but she certainly needed it. She would need a new keel, centerboard, trunk logs, probably garboards and rib ends to say the least. She was at least 50 years old so there was no telling how much rot was in her. They most likely would be needing some good luck because they had bought Carol Nickerson's old catboat.

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The Rotor Tug *RT Innovation*.

## Hunt for the “Three-Legged Tugs”

By Hugh Ware

I'm a tug nut. I started writing articles about tugs and publisher Bob Hicks was kind enough to put some early efforts into *MAIB*. This, somehow, led to a retirement career. Now, I'm writing a book on American tugs at work and preparing trade magazine articles about tugs and tugboating. In my 70s I have become a novice journalist! If anyone is unhappy about that, blame Hicks.

It was been a fun second career, taking me all over the world and giving me many new friends. But let me tell you about one particular adventure, the one that made me a sort of “big time” journalist. In mid-1998, I was searching the Internet for information on some of the U.S. ports I'd visit for my book. Satisfied, I idly extended my search overseas to Rotterdam, then Hamburg, both ports with plenty of tugs. The Port of Hamburg had a nice website with many pages of good information.

In the last paragraph of a minor page entitled something like “Port Services,” I read, with ever-growing excitement, that the Dutch towage firm Kotug was having four large docking tugs built for use in Hamburg. Each tug would have the considerable bollard pull of 70 tonnes. Furthermore, each tug would have a radically new propulsion system. Azimuthing drives are essentially large outboard drives through the bottom of a tug and they can be swivelled in any direction without stop.

Normally two drives are installed, either at the stern or somewhat back from the bow. But these tugs, the Port of Hamburg announced, would have THREE units, two forward and one aft. Radical! The date of my discovery was June 7th or perhaps a day or two earlier.

On the 7th, I e-mailed questions about these tugs to a deeply respected colleague in England, tug writer/photographer M. J. (Jack) Gaston. Back came a prompt answer: Yep, they knew a little about the radical vessels in Europe and England and had already nicknamed them the “three-legged tugs.” Rumors were rife about how many were being built and where, etc.

Let me now introduce Ton Kooren. He's

an aggressive Dutch tug operator and president of Kotug, and he loves tugs. For reasons of his own, Kooren refused to admit that the three-legged tugs were being built. Wouldn't say yes, wouldn't say no. Gaston didn't want to push him too hard because (1) Kooren is uncomfortably close to England and (2) Jack wanted a ride on the tugs if and when. After all, Jack has several magazines waiting for his articles and columns and these tugs would definitely be news. But since I was on this side of the Atlantic and also a brash American, I used the built-in e-mail facility on Kotug's own website to ask for details on the new tugs.

Let's step aside for a moment for some background. Ton Kooren and his concept of the “three-legged tugs” were not new to me. In 1995, Kooren had released details of some conceptual tugs that, as he put it in a great sound bite, “brought tugnology into the 21st century.” There were three designs. Two featured 70 tonne bollard pulls and three azimuthing drives! The third design had two drives but allowed for future installation of a third engine and drive. The Dutch tug enthusiasts' magazine, *LEKKO International*, published a plan view and basic specifications along with a generous array of statements by Kooren.

I can do the simpler forms of arithmetic and putting the “2” of the Hamburg announcement together with the “2” of Kooren's earlier announcement gave me, as neophyte journalist, a marketable “4.” Few hard facts but enough information for some reasonable guesses. To play fair, I e-mailed Kotug, telling them I was going to write conjectural items for the American maritime press and asking once again for details. No immediate response. But, on the 18th someone called me from Kotug and told me information will be sent “in due course.” (I believe the speaker was Ton's son, R. Jan Kooren.) Unfortunately, my answering machine got the call and failed to ask any provocative questions or get more information.

The next day, Jack messaged me that he had just called Kotug that morning. Kooren hadn't come in yet and his son refused to be

led into making any useful comments. Young Kooren had added that their e-mail system had not been working for several weeks. Which was interesting because how else would have Kotug learned of my particular interest and my telephone number, I'm not that well-known on the other side of the Atlantic?

Meanwhile, I was e-mailing queries to the editors of most American maritime magazines asking if they were interested in an item conjecturing about tugs possibly being built to a radical new design. Several responded and I got busy writing. It was a fascinating technical exercise writing several stories, each with a different slant but all from the same set of source material. Soon the editor of *Pacific Maritime* magazine called to say he had used the item in his July issue. It was, as far as I know, the first mention of the tugs in the world press. And he added, “Now, who are you?” He was satisfied with my credentials and asked me to supply stories of tug happenings on the East Coast.

Another editor e-mailed that he never heard of me (although we had had a long phone chat less than a year earlier) and would I please send personal details, affiliations (whatever they are, in this context), and samples of my work. I emailed a third editor asking him to make a minor correction in the item for his magazine; he responded by stating he received the correction but where was the article? (I had mailed it.)

On July 1st, I e-mailed Kotug a third time stating that *Pacific Maritime* magazine had published my conjectural item and wouldn't Kotug now like to provide some hard facts. Message paths crossed somewhere because Ton Kooren had e-mailed me on the 27th (which I received after my July 1st message, something that occasionally happens with e-mail messages) a courteous note whose essence was that he wasn't saying anything. But his message subject was “Three-Legged Tugs.” Was he inadvertently admitting their existence or was he merely repeating a phrase I had previously used? Many of the Dutch tugboaters speak impeccable English, but one often wonders what they are really saying in that non-native language.

On the 4th of July I offered to send Kooren the text of anything I written that appears in the American press so he would be kept informed on what is happening over here. Ever the brash American, I also told him I might be in Europe this fall on my way to an international tug and salvage conference in Cape Town, South Africa, and asked whether he would give me a ride on one of the tugs if one them existed. (Privately, I wondered whether I'd met him at the conference. That could be interesting.)

A big factor in all this is that the tugs would be used in Hamburg. Ship assist work there had been handled exclusively by a somewhat complacent consortium of five tug companies called Hamburg Tugs. This group was formed just after World War II when occupying British authorities told the local tug companies to combine their services. Then Kotug appeared on the scene a few years ago with more powerful tugs and highly competitive practices, including the use of smaller crews of cheaper East Germans, and quickly took over much of the ship docking business. Fairplay, one of the five companies in the consortium, responded by ordering six 55-tonne bollard pull tugs for delivery in 1999, some of

which one might expect to be stationed in Hamburg.

Then (it seems) Kotug upped the ante by ordering his radically new and even bigger (in terms of bollard pull) tugs! In any case, bigger tugs would be needed to handle today's ever-larger ships, especially the gigantic 6000-container ships that Maersk would be sending to Hamburg. Incidentally, one can but wonder whether somebody in the Port of Hamburg organization may have been feeling a little malicious towards Kotug, the aggressive newcomer to the port scene, when he added the news item to the Port's website?

Later the same weekend, I got a hunch that maybe Kotug was having the tugs built in the Far East. Why not? With the economic mess over there, builders should be quoting great prices. But there are other advantages. The Japs build a fine tug and have great equipment. Jack Gaston had recently told me about a new tug built in Japan and delivered to Scotland 6-1/2 months after keel laying and at a cost two-thirds of what even the Dutch, those most economical and efficient tugbuilders, would charge.

I passed on my hunch to Jack, who (1) cautioned me about over-enthusiasm for wild ideas but (2) promised to scout around. He said there were strong rumors in Holland that the tugs would be built in Spain and brought to Holland for finishing. And, he added, the Dutch tug enthusiasts and journalists (probably the world's savviest and eager tug nuts) were going wild trying to find out what was happening in their own backyard! Later, he reported that Kooren had freely admitted that simulations and testing of the conceptual designs had been performed.

I e-mailed Kooren again, asking whether he would attend the Cape Town conference in November. He answered that he would. With some trepidation, I looked forward to meeting him there. Meanwhile, one editor acknowledged receipt of my item to his magazine but said he would hold the story until it got "firmer." An editor of another magazine (who did not use my item) was, nevertheless, passing its information on in chats with

tugboatmen! I prepared a long article about the tugs, comparing them with another radical new design, Erik Hvile's Ship Docking Module, and telling something of the intense rivalry in Hamburg for the ship assist business. Incidentally, *Pacific Maritime* was now receiving and publishing a steady stream of my reports on East Coast tug happenings plus the odd book review.

Sometime about then, Jack Gaston e-mailed me a copy of a little flyer put out by a Spanish shipbuilding firm at a trade show. It showed a profile of a tug with three azimuthing drives and a "K" on the stack, plus general specifications! The details were leaking out.

In late August, Job van Eijk, editor of the Dutch magazine for tug enthusiasts mentioned above, reported that four tugs were being built in Spain by at least two builders and one hull would be towed to Holland for finishing. These tugs, he e-mailed, did not have the same general arrangements plan as the conceptual tug of 1995. I got a phone call from New York telling me that my long article would appear in both the *Maritime Reporter/Engineering Log* and a sister publication, *Marine News*. I updated the article with the latest information plus the profile drawing from the Spanish builder.

I got an interesting call from Seattle in September. 11. *Odyssey*, a museum or educational group out there, was putting together an exhibit of tugnology! The mention of Ton Kooren's inventive term told me that they knew about the three-legged tugs. They did, from my news-breaking article in *Pacific Maritime*, and they wanted a good side view of the new tug. I told them about the *LEKKO International* article of 1995 and gave them Kooren's e-mail address. (I wonder how they made out with him.)

As September wound into October, more reports arrived. In Britain, Andy Smith, the technical editor of *International Tugs & Salvage* magazine, joined my coterie of "spies" and reported that "1.5 tugs" were being built by the Spanish shipyard Friere and two by Balenciaga. Then van Eijk reported that the unfinished hull had arrived in Stellendam and

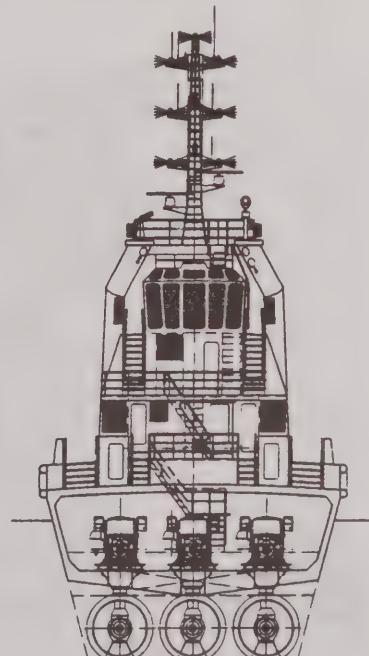
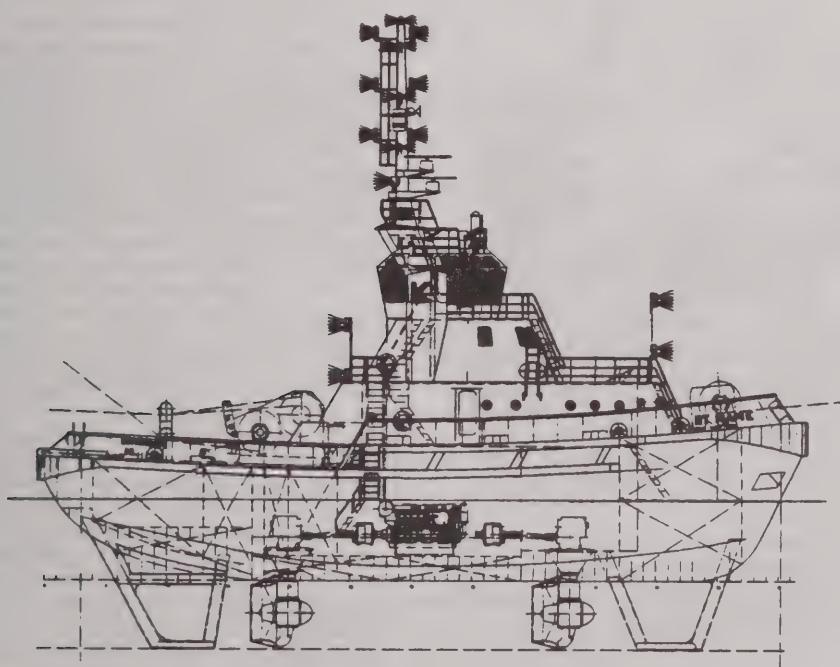
bore the name *RT Magic* (RT for Rotor Tug, I assumed) and port of call of Rotterdam. Next, Andy told me that the "news embargo" has been lifted and he would be present for the trials of the Balenciaga-built tugs in December. I e-mailed Kooren asking once again for information. Apparently I was still on his little list for he did not reply.

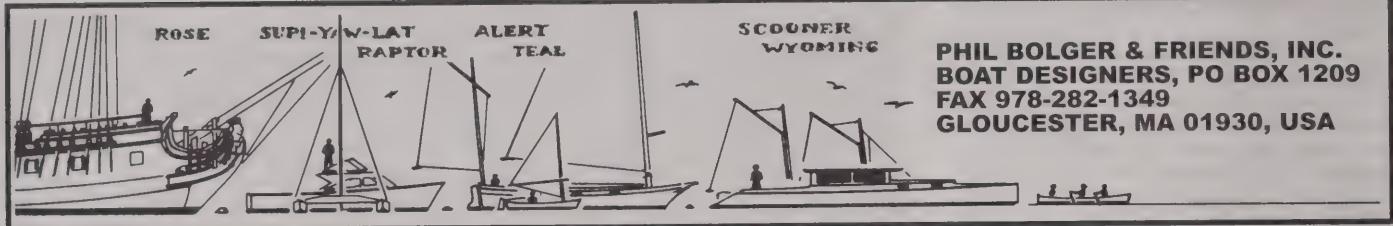
At November's conference in Cape Town, I met fellow delegate Kooren. His behavior towards me on several occasions during the sessions was courteous but neutral. Later, we both took part of an afternoon sail off Cape Town in a large catamaran, an affair hosted by a law firm. Our driver was with us and got so seasick he was unable to drive us to the next event, a parade of South African tugs.

While we waited in the warm South African sun for alternate transportation to be arranged, Kooren suddenly started talking. He told me the names of the four tugs and said they would not be used in Hamburg (perhaps partly because Maersk changed its plans and would dock their large 6000-container ships at Bremerhaven). He planned to station three of the new tugs at Bremerhaven as of January 1, 1999, keeping the "half-tug" in Holland as a research tool for awhile. He also told me he had bought a Canadian tractor tug to flesh out the fleet there. It was a warm chat between a CEO and an inquiring, if very new, journalist, quite happy with his exclusive interview.

At the conference, a special South Africa edition of *LEKKO International* was available. It included the very first photo of a Rotor Tug, the half-finished *RT Magic* at Stellendam. I was no longer the only reporter filing material on this story. Now, months later, the Rotor Tug story has spread worldwide and the tugs are well-known. They have proved to be extraordinarily effective work tools. And very handsome tugs indeed! (I did mention that Ton Kooren loved tugs, didn't I?) His dream had come true.

And so did mine, I was an effective journalist at last, with a "scoop" all to myself. And it all started with that first tug article published in *MAIB* way back in 1985. Thanks, Bob.



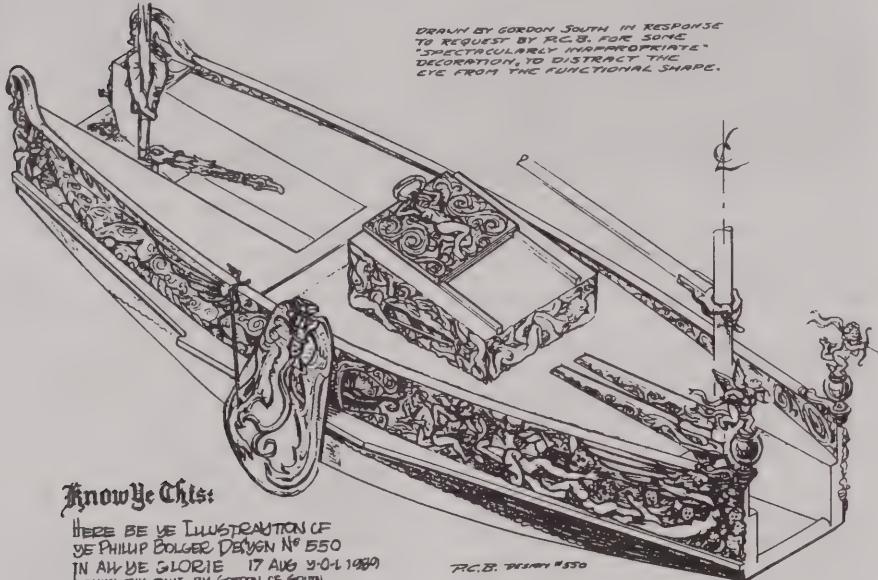


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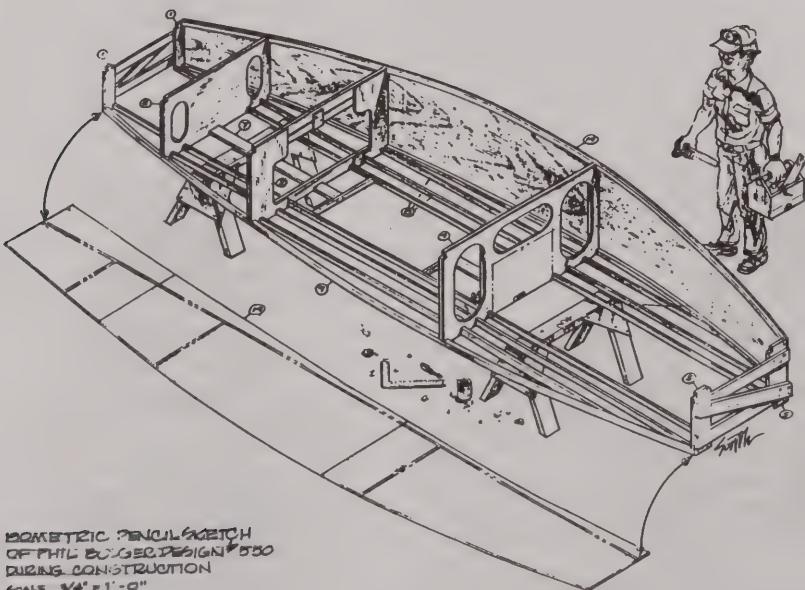
### Leeboard Daysailer Yawl

(Isometrics by Gordon South)



#### Design # 550 AS-19 Part 1

19'6" x 5'6" x 9'3" x 2100 pounds full load  
displacement, including 500 pounds lead  
ballast, 191 square foot sail area



This design was intended as a daysailer, laid out around the deck so that people could sprawl around and not be locked into one crowded position in a cockpit. It would shed rain and allow her to take a knockdown in a squall, recover (she carries 500 pounds of lead ballast), and sail on about her business. The cuddy was just for a portable toilet and locked storage, with barely enough space for two to lie down and roll over.

The cat yawl rig was to give her reliable helm balance reefed and to allow her to heave to steadily. The gaff mainsail keeps the overall length of the mainmast under 20' for easy unstepping and low wind resistance with the sail reefed or furled. The mast could be a standard length of aluminum pipe, capped watertight for ultimate stability reserve, if finding decent spar stock were a problem. Gaff sails furl more neatly than jib headers.

The hull was shaped for high average speed and for quick and precise handling; also for good drifting ability, with her short waterline for minimum wetted surface. The plan view shape was matched to the bottom profile to allow her to sail sharply heeled without being slowed. This was overdone forward and made the bow transom wider than it should have been. It is bound to catch the crests of choppy water, which will slow her down and, under some conditions, might somewhat degrade her steering.

The effect is exacerbated by the open bow, which in some conditions can scoop up water faster than it can drain. Filling in the opening helps, but it would have been better if the bow had been narrower. The wide bow is easier to build and has better flow lines and more stability in smooth water or a very small chop. The open well saves some weight of decking, makes a reasonably secure place to dump muddy anchors and warp, and makes it easier to climb on board out of the water.

This boat is therefore more of a scow than a sharpie. Arguably it would have been better for the intended use if it had been a sharpie, that is with the bow narrowed in to a point or near point. But Gordon South's neat isometric drawing shows why the scow was tempting, for its easy curves to bend in the stringers and the side panels and the breadth of the bottom carried well forward to increase her power to carry sail as she heels. The racing lake scows use deck plans like this, but they handle choppy water better because the forward quarter is so thin that it slices the crests off small waves and lets the water run off the lee deck. In more significant chop, the high sides here butt against the crests and hold the shipped water aboard.

I've often argued against raking bow transoms in prams and scow type boats on the grounds that they shorten the bottom and reduce buoyancy over a plumb transom on a given overall length. In this case, if the bow was cut back by a raking transom, the bottom lee corner of the transom would immerse in even smaller chop than the designed transom. But if a sharp raking transom was confined just to the lower half, with a knuckle to the vertical transom 6" or 8" up. Another way of handling the modification would be a half high garvey bow with a curved profile just to round off the angle between the bottom and the plumb transom, and such a bow is not hard to build either. It would be cross-planked with narrow planks of plywood glued edge-to-edge and sheathed overall with fiberglass cloth to hold the seams solidly.

Since people tend to sneer at these box boats, even when their noses are rubbed in their capabilities, we asked Gordon South to illustrate how this one could be decorated to distract the eye from its "crude" shape. He produced the glorious proposal shown. You're to imagine this as a blaze of colors and gilding.

Verdict, a fast sailing, sweet handling boat with an irritating defect as designed. But her speed and power and her good range of stability, combined with the beaching capability and the extremely simple construction, are worth something. Next we'll have pictures and comments from a satisfied owner of an AS-19.

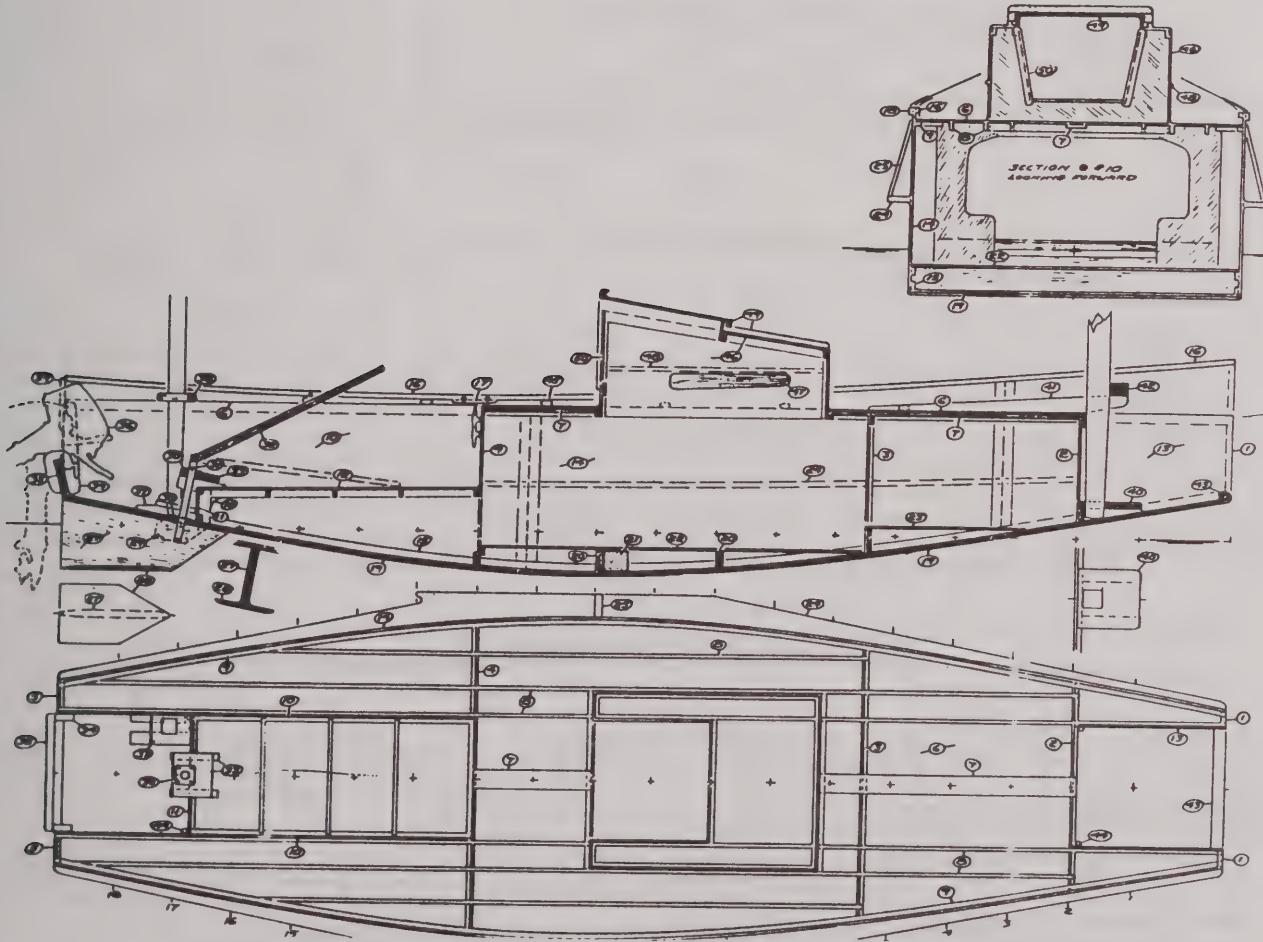
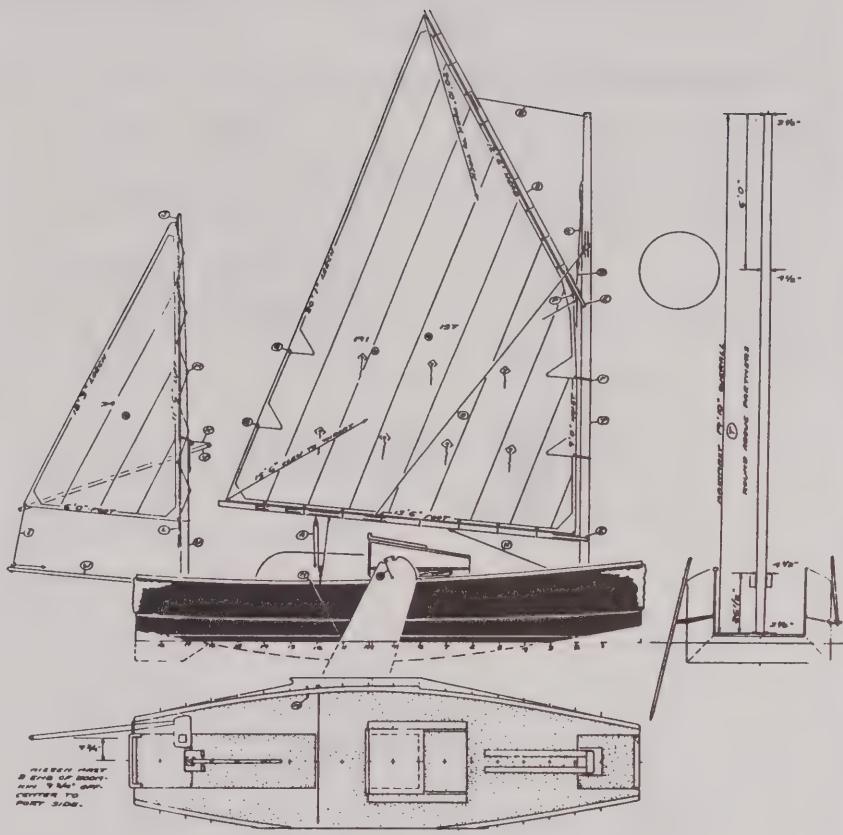
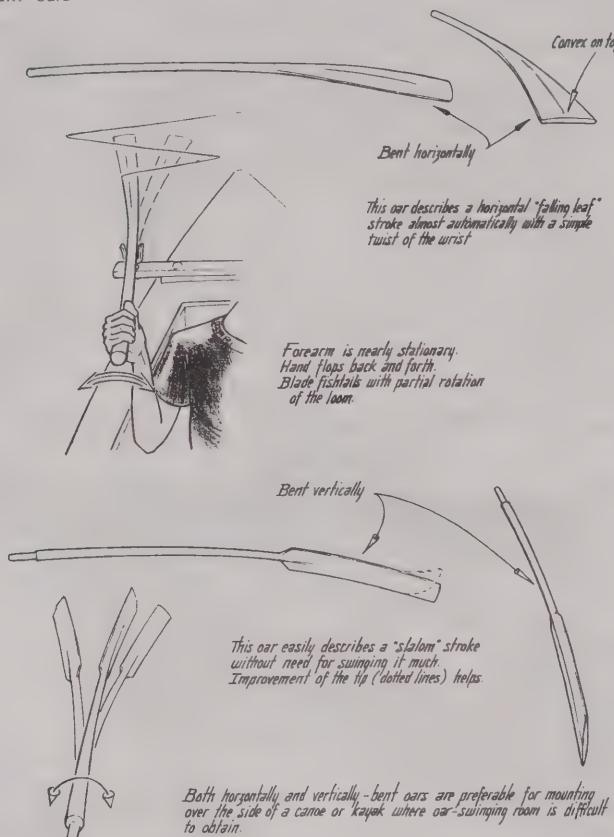


Figure 1

Bent oars —



## Sculling Part II: Putting Your Best Oar Behind You

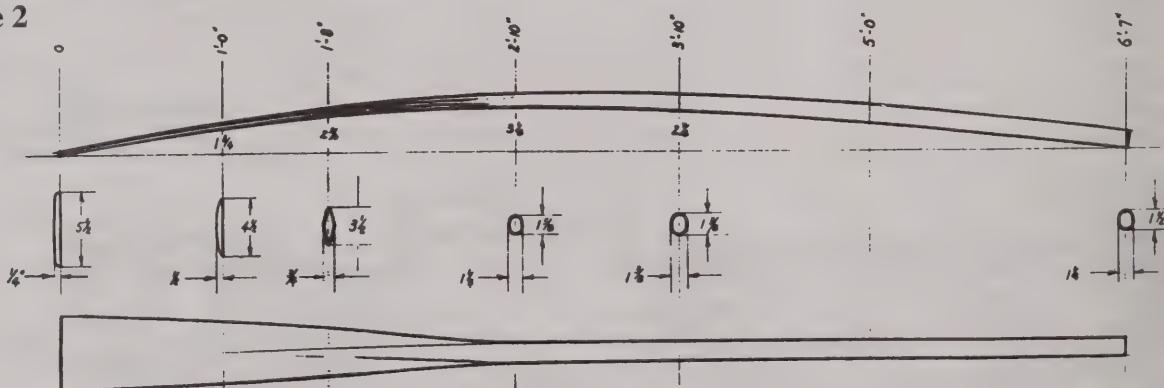
By Ben Fuller  
Illustrations by Sam Manning

Having discussed the technique of sculling in the previous issue, let's look at the various oars you can use.

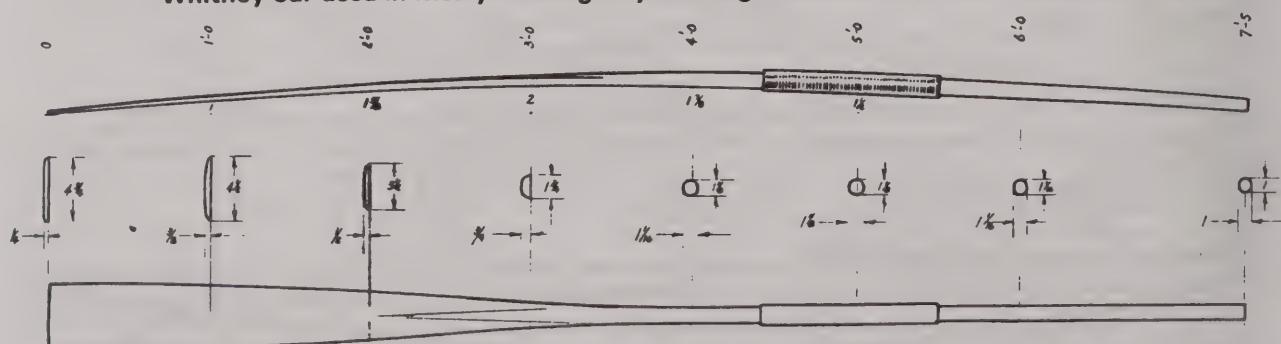
The simplest way to get a sculling oar for a small boat is to modify the biggest rowing oar you can find. An oar 10' to 12' long, 2' or 3' longer than that used for rowing, works well for most small boat applications. Err on the long side, it's easier to make things shorter. The blade should be long, 4' or so, flattened on the bottom and diamond shaped on the top. I made mine from an old lifeboat oar, leaving the blade alone and thinning and shortening the shaft. Some flexibility seems to be fine, as does some bending (Figure 1). An oar that bends down to the water increases the blade's angle to the water, thereby generating more thrust.

While a regular oar can be used for sculling, specialized sculling oars are easier to use and make the stroke less tiring. They virtually reverse themselves, so less wrist rotation is required. In comparison to conventional rowing oars, sculling oars have long looms, a blade heavy balance, and bigger blades with long leading edges. Most specialized oars are designed for the horizontal stroke. Gunning oars, Bahamian oars, and yulohs are three main types.

Figure 2

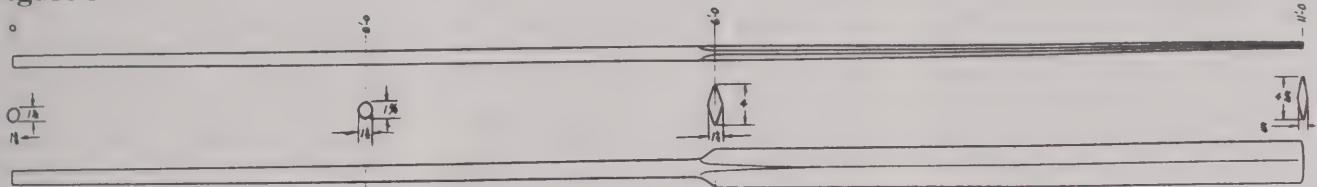


Whitney oar used in Merrymeeting Bay sculling float. Lent by Dave Jackson.



Old scull float oar used by Ben Fuller. (Mystic Seaport Museum collection).

Figure 3



Bahamian sculling oar lent by Lance Lee

### Gunning & Bahamian Oars

Gunning oars (Figure 2) are the shortest and lightest, as they are designed to move the smallest boats. In New England, they were used in scull floats, low sided, mostly decked boats in which gunners quietly sculled down on flocks of ducks. The oar worked through a tight hole in the stem, offset to the left so a right-hander could scull across his body while lying on his back with his head propped on the transom. The gunning stroke is short and done at a high rate with the blade at a shallow angle relative to the water's surface.

The most common gunning oar is a bent-bladed oar about 8' long with the tip 6" or so out of line with the shaft axis. The blade is thin with an asymmetric section, flat side down, convex side up. This is the same section found in a straight gunning oar, which has an extremely long, thin blade, narrower at the tip than at the shoulder. By curving the top of the blade, less wrist twist is needed in the stroke.

Steering these floats with a curved sculling oar was a problem. The hook in the oar made it hard to use as a rudder, while the tight hole made it difficult to scull only on one side. Boat and oar builder Douglas Martin reports that the gunners in New Hampshire's Piscataqua River estuary solved the problem by carving a kick-up or flipped up tip to the downward curving oar. This apparently made little difference to sculling effectiveness, but made the oar a better rudder when turned on its side.

The Bahama style oar (Figure 3) is much bigger, 12' long and more, as it's designed to move boats ranging from heavily built 12' or 14' dinghies to sloops in the 25' range. The blade is extremely long in comparison to its width. In section, the oar is usually a shallow diamond or triangle used flat side down. Bahamian boats offset the notch to port, making it easy to stand in the boat's center and keep-

Figure 4

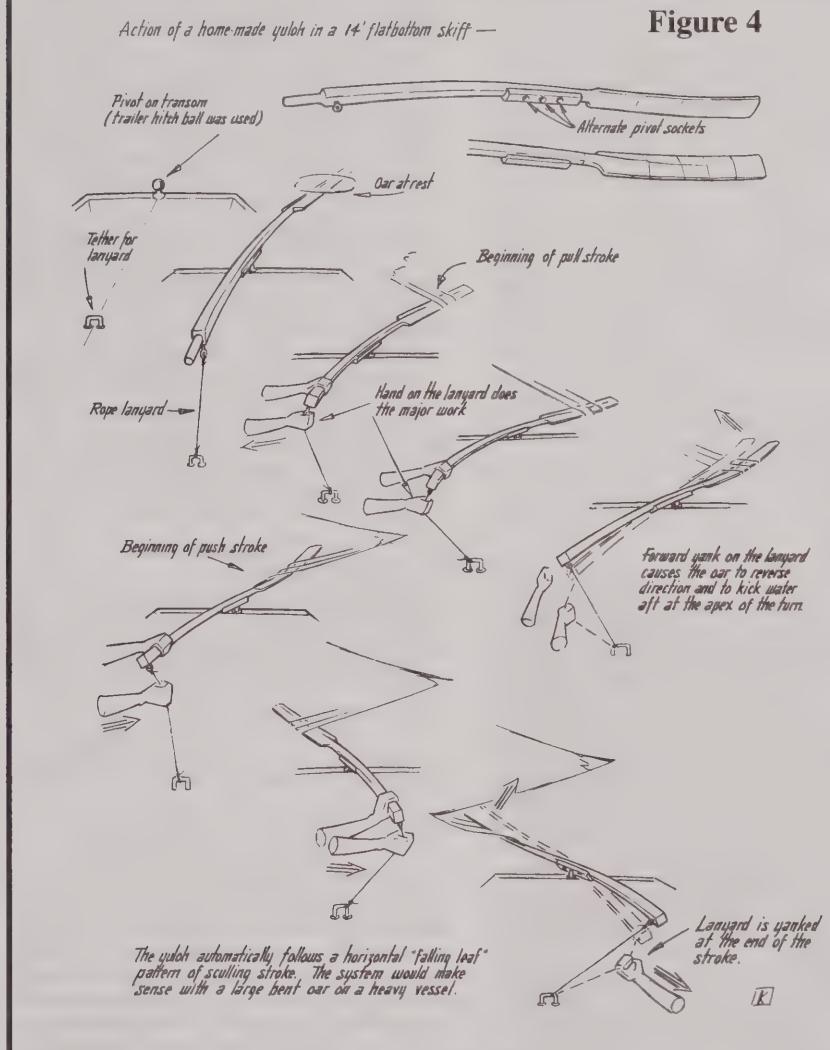
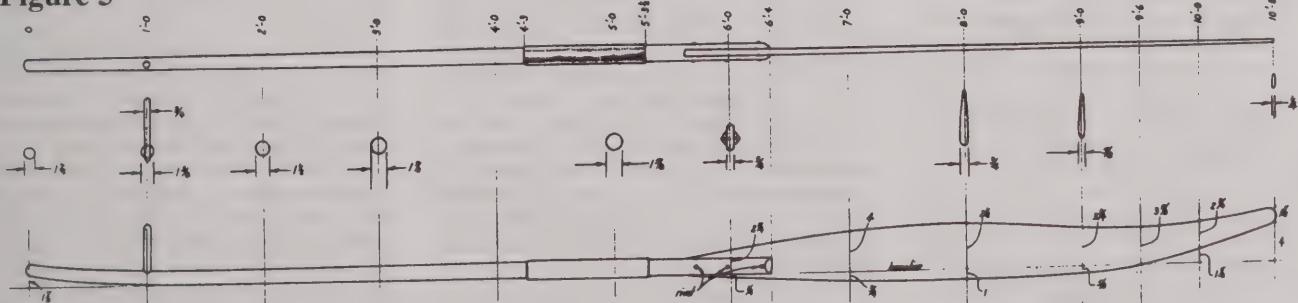


Figure 5



Fish tail oar designed for Mockingull by Douglas Martin

ing the right hand free for fishing.

The sculler stands facing forward and takes a long stroke, effectively using body weight. With the oar on the port side, it must be angled a bit more on the pull stroke to keep the boat running straight. The right hand can be used to give an extra push when starting on the push stroke and leaning into the push, and it can assist the left on the pull stroke. The diamond-shaped section keeps tiring wrist twist down. Good scullers are said to need only a very shallow notch, but the oar tends to jump out when mishandled. A conventionally deep socket or oarlock makes sculling much easier for the less experienced.

#### Chinese Yuloh

The Chinese yuloh is a blade heavy oar, often made of two or three straight pieces set at an angle so the blade curves down into the water. Unlike western oars which use a notch, lock, or socket on the boat, the yuloh has a socket cut or let into its bottom, and it rests on a pivot. Traditionally this pivot was smith-made iron or carved hardwood. For our experiments, Sam Manning rigged up a trailer ball on the stem of his skiff (Figure 4). The oar has a rope or string leading from the underside of the handle to a point on the sole in line with the pivot and the blade when the yuloh is in "neutral." The rope keeps this blade heavy oar from tipping off the pivot and, more important, does the work of reversing the pitch or angle at the end of the stroke.

A yuloh needs no wrist rotation at all. Two hands are used, one on the handle, one on the string. The string hand always leads

the oar hand, imparting the required pitch to the blade. Reversing the angle takes a quick tug on the string. We novice yuloh users found that if the stroke was too long or the pitch too great, the oar wanted to roll off the ball at the end of the stroke.

In section, a yuloh can be found with flat side up or down. With flat side down, the advantage is the same as with gunning or Bahamian oars, the oar reverses pitch easily at the stroke's end. Theoretically, however, flat side up is more efficient. When an oar has its curved side down, lift works in the direction of the boat's travel. Only yulohs, however, can take advantage of this, as the string does the twisting. Free oars are almost uncontrollable with the curved side down.

Yulohs can be very large. Worked with gangs, with one or two pulling on the rope and three or four pushing and pulling the oar back and forth, they can run 25' or 35' long in sampans of 50' or 60'. Smaller sampans in the 18' to 20' range would use a yuloh of 13' to 15'. With these oars, 3-1/2' to 7' of blade might be underwater, more on the longer oars. The Chinese don't seem to use yulohs on small boats, and a Western style oar is probably better suited to boats under 16' unless they are heavy powerboats or sailboats.

As far as a yuloh's performance is concerned, an 18' Shanghai harbor sampan using a 13' yuloh could run at about 3 mph when propelled by one man. Roger Taylor, President of International Marine Publishing Co., has used a 10' yuloh on his 32' sloop *Aria*. He claims 2 knots in a calm, not bad for a 5-ton boat.

#### Vertical Stroke Oars

Oars for the vertical or slalom stroke are much less specialized. The one most often seen is the steering sweep of surf boats and whaleboats. These sweeps have the length and

long blade of the horizontal oars. A 30' whaleboat has a 20' steering sweep with a 6-1/2' blade, which makes the sweeps quite blade heavy and flexible. Because the blade has a symmetrical section, either convex on both sides or diamond shaped, the sweep also can be used with the horizontal stroke. Steering sweeps often have a peg in the handle in line with the plane of the blade, so two hands can be used.

The oar designed by Douglas Martin is the only recent innovation I've seen in sculling oar shape (Figure 5). Meant for a vertical stroke, the blade is asymmetrical in plan with a long curving leading edge ending in a small half fishtail. In section, it is a symmetrical airfoil, with the thickest part at the leading edge. The blade flexes and twists through the strokes like a propeller or a fishtail. Only a few degrees of wrist rotation are needed, pushing it straight back and forth seems almost enough. A most efficient oar for small boats, this oar is large and powerful enough to use all the power you put into it, and it's made in two pieces for easy storage.

## Sculling Sources

For detailed information on yulohs, see G.C.R. Worcester, *Junks and Sampans of the Yangtze* (Naval Institute Press, 1971). Roger C. Taylor's *The Elements of Seamanship* (International Marine, 1982) describes his yuloh, with a drawing by W.H. deFontaine. A little booklet by W.R. Johnson, Jr., *Bahamian Sailing Craft* (Exploration Ltd., 1973), provides some nice drawings and descriptions of these boats and their use.

## Tiller Bungee

By Joe Tribulato, Watsonville CA

A recent report by Garry Osborn on using an auto timing belt for a tiller comb got me to thinking about my approach to a similar problem (See *MAIB* August 1st, p.30). My Bolger Nymph, *O'Mania*, is quite lively in any sort of good breeze and requires more attention to the tiller than this old man cares to provide for relaxed sailing. I don't want to lose it if I let go for a few seconds, but I want instant override capability. Nymph has no deck aft so a tiller comb will not do, nor will it allow the ease of override I want. A light 3/16" bungee offers a solution. Here is how it is rigged:

1. Drill 1/4" holes through the plywood gussets where gunwales meet transom.

2. Fit a small jam cleat under the tiller about 10" forward of the transom. The bungee should only be allowed to stretch about half of its relaxed length, so keep this in mind when determining the cleat position. A little eyeball geometry should suffice. I made my one eared cleat from a scrap of hardwood.

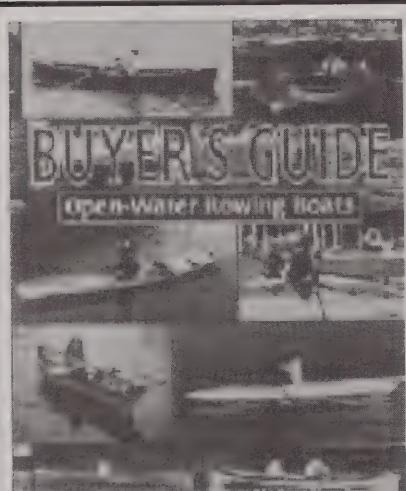
3. Use stopper knots in the ends of the bungee to span between the holes. Adjust the bungee so there is light tension when it is caught in the jam cleat, but leave some extra length to allow for adjustment after trials. The

sharp angle between the cleat and tiller will grip the bungee wherever you place it.

With the bungee engaged and its tension balanced against the force of the tiller, you can relax a bit to tend to other duties, like adjusting sail shape or whatever else may seem important. This allows easy tiller pressure that does not interfere with normal steering. The bungee allows instant override in the event of a sudden need. Small boats like Nymph are lively and seem to enjoy frequent sudden events.

So there it is. Though I do not recall seeing this described before, I suppose it has. Of course, there are many different ways of arranging this device. You could use it as is or adapt it to your boat or your whim.

Two cautions come to mind. Improper bungee tension can result in lee helm. Don't do it. And do not use this to correct gross errors in the balance between CE and CLR. On the other hand, I wonder if it could be used to help balance the helm when the board is way forward, like the Cartopper? I mean, as a substitute for a balanced rudder or heavy weather helm. Try it and let us know.



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## Oysters

Oysters are good. You can't eat lunch in a more natural way than squatting on an oyster bar until you get through. Now that they are apt to kill you or leave you with a disabled liver because of the nastiness of our civilization, it is best not to eat them raw, but that is how they are best. Though they might appear to some to be sort of amorphous, they are regular pelycypods with the same symmetry. Not only do they have right and left, front and rear, they, like scallops, have top and bottom. Any child can quickly learn how they lie in the hand.

In commercial raw oyster bars, shucking competitions, and regular work, they hold them, umbones toward the heel of the hand, bottom side in the palm, right edge up, and bust a crack with the oyster knife near the big abductor muscle, which they then cut so they can pry apart the two shells. A hungry innocent child goes straight for the umbones and gnaws and wiggles with the screwdriver until the shells are separated at the hinge. I still do it that way, though the other way is much faster and might even be less nasty. I do it for old times sake.

The oyster in the shell is (after scraping the abductor muscle free of the shells) sucked up and, depending on the size, chewed or swallowed whole. After we had marauded our way west on St. George to where the trees began, we began to find some very big single oysters just lying around on the bottom. Some of them were as big as the bottom of a tennis shoe. Took quite a few chews, particularly for the little ones with only a few teeth right in front, to get them ready to swallow. My mother was the ace of the big oyster eating business. She just cut a few notches in them with her teeth to let out the flavor as they went in and down.

## Crabs and Crabs

Keep the crabs alive until cooking time. A dead crab in the hot sun is a doubtful thing. They'll only stay alive in a bucket of water if you continually change it. If you are apt to forget, they keep better in a bucket with no water in it. The best way to cut losses due to death is to let them have free run of the bottom of the bilge water in the boat. Boil the crabs whole and alive in seawater. If the crabs have been in the same bucket for a while, rinse the yellow urine out before you put them in the boiling water. Don't get bit.

When the crabs are red, drag the foot tub to the deepest hole of water you can find and dump the crabs out. Skip to the side to avoid the hot water. As soon as you can stand to hold them, pull the carapace off by prying up on the tip of the inlaid abdomen with your fingernail (or a claw if your fingernails have gotten so soft that they won't work). Eat the "goody" out of the cavity in the middle of the crab. There are different kinds of goody:

One is the contents of the crop and stomach which are encased in a little sack and extension sack right back of the teeth. It is usually pretty gritty with various kinds of grit, but not usually sand. On seaside beaches, the grit is chewed-up shells of *Donax variabilis* (cochinas) and sand fleas (mole crabs, *Emerita* sp.). In marshes and creeks, the crabs (usually male) have been eating other crabs (usually fiddlers, *Uca* sp.) and oysters. Though it is possible that you might eat some carrion (maybe even a little bit of human being), blue crabs mostly catch and eat live things. The

# A Few Recipes of the Reynolds Crew

By Robb White

My mother sort of looked after us to keep us from the extremities of bowel stress. We took various things with us from the house to help out with the hunting and gathering. Usually we had baked potatoes, apples, bananas, and sometimes those old staples of skiff boat people all over, Vienna sausages and sardines. We finally quit taking saltine crackers because of all the mishaps, but we often had a hot watermelon rolling around in the bottom of the boat with the stomped on baked potatoes and apples. We never brought anything back, and we never got tired of the same old thing.

contents of the crop and stomach of crawfish are a delicacy to the people (some elected officials) of Louisiana, and crawfish are more indiscriminate than blue crabs.

My own mother, rest her soul, always sucked that part up first. After I had learned the anatomy of crabs, I told her, "Momma, you know what that is you are eating?" "Yep," she said, "it's good." "That crab thought it was good when he ate it, too," I said. "Delicious," she said. Before you turn prissy and pass judgement, consider the hot dog and the hamburger. If you think for a minute that huge meat packing conglomerates throw away tons of those nutritious things (ears, for a tame example) which, if wrapped in clear plastic and named by their real names would send previously happy shoppers screaming from the store, you are wrong.

Another type of goody is the fat, which is a grayish white kind of stuff that (in a fat crab, and they all ain't) is right on top in the cavity, and even extends out into the corner spines of the carapace where it is easily dug out with the non-movable pincher of a claw. In male crabs, the fat is all mixed up with the gonads which look like convoluted strands of spaghetti. Both the fat and the gonads are quite good and very nutritious.

Another type of goody is all that yellow crumbly stuff in female crabs who have not made a "sponge" yet. These are the eggs and are my favorite kind of goody. Make sure you don't throw the carapace of any non-sponge female crab away before you rake all that yellow goody out of the inside of the points of the spines. I think that the proof of what is good and what isn't is to try it on a child, one who hasn't been retarded by the Froot Loop and taught the word "yucky" yet. An innocent baby will eat the yellow goody as fast as you can pick it out. While you are at it, eat those little muscles in the front of the carapace that move the eyes.

After you eat the goody, take off the dead man's fingers (gills), and bite the legs off well into the body of the crab. You can tell how far by the swimmers. They should come off with a good bit of the "lump" meat attached. Eat that and any that is sticking out of the proximal joint of the walking legs. Do not throw those legs away. Any child with two opposing teeth can munch out a good piece of meat from the big joint and, in a pinch, you can work it all the way to the toe. Then clean out the big lump from the undivided swimmer fin hole. After that, it is sort of ticklish to get the meat from the walking leg holes in the body

of the crab because there is a horizontal partition separating the pull-down muscle from the lift-up muscle. That is where small children get most of their shell from.

The claws are easy. Usually, if you bite the distal (outboard) side of each joint and then crack along with your teeth toward where the claw was attached to the crab, the meat will come out of each joint in one piece. Sometimes a crab has just shed and the claw is flimsy and damn near empty. We used to just chew the whole thing up and spit out what didn't go down easy.

The delicacy of this business is soft-shelled crabs. Usually, we used to find them being carried by their protective husbands. They find each other just before the time comes for the girl to molt into womanhood. The old boy holds her underneath him and carries her around until she molts. Though he can't help her shed her shell, he acts mighty anxious as he protects her. After she is all the way out, he mates with her while she is soft. Afterwards, he carries her as before until she is hard enough to take care of herself. Somehow, all the girls in our crew have been thwarted in their efforts to find somebody to do them like that. Some of them have to protect the males that they wound up with, those who didn't get tired of it and run him off.

Soft crabs are best if rolled around in egg and buttermilk, battered with cracker crumbs, and fried, but we didn't have all that. We just boiled her along with her husband and the others while the anxious owner kept an eagle eye on the project. A fried soft crab is a special treat, but a boiled one ain't half bad. You just lift up the tips of the carapace enough to pull out the dead man's fingers and the teeth and eat her whole. One little girl in our crew used to specialize in soft crabs. While we were digging or fishing or messing around, she would continuously comb the grass for paired crabs.

When she found some, she would put the jimmy in the boat, but she didn't trust the cook out of her clutches. It was a rare thing to see her when she wasn't guarding at least one soft crab in her hand. If the crab was caught early in the morning, a long way before boiling time, it would just get littler and littler while the girl carried her as she ate, first the claws, then the legs and finally just a little of this and that for a little snack. Once in a rare chance she would catch a soft-shelled male crab. At first, we used to tease her and act like we wanted to steal her treasure, but her reaction was so fierce that we soon stopped. Now, she is one of the ones who has run old Jimmy off.

Altogether, crabs are good for people. They teach caution, patience, politeness, and nutrition.

## Baked Potatoes with Seawater and Oysters

Cut a cold, half squashed baked potato in half and mess up the middle enough so that an oyster won't slide off. Try not to eat the potato until you have opened at least one oyster. Put him in and sprinkle seawater to taste. Eat a little hole where the oyster was and then open another oyster. Finally, you'll have an empty potato skin. Fill it with oysters and eat it whole in one big mouthful, don't talk while you are doing this.

Baked potatoes with mustard (or any other kind of) sardines. Do the same way with the sardines as with the oysters above. Eat a little and pour a little. Try to eke it out so that the sardines and potato even out in the end.

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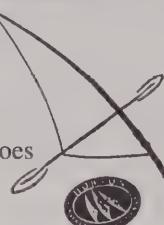
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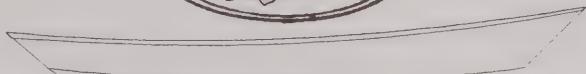
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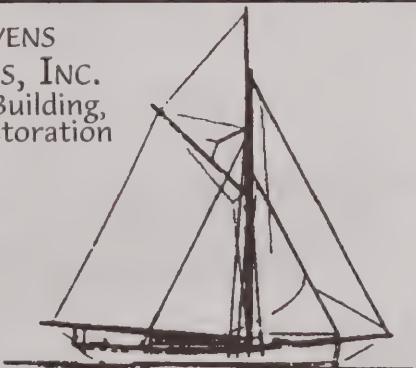
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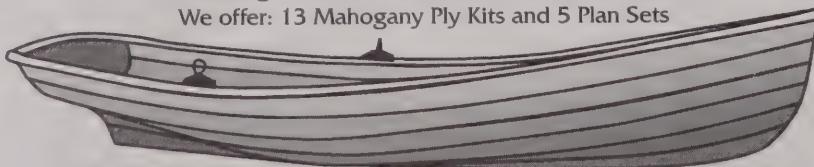


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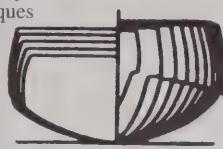
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**Loose Moose II**, professionally blt, marine ply/West System, electric start Yamaha HT 9.9 w/remote control/shift/throttle/stop, vy low hrs, new Bimini top & sail cover, Lewmar ball bearing blocks & low stretch running rigging, bow pulpit (not installed) life line stanchions, 3 anchors & 2 rode, fenders, foam bunk cushions w/fitted covers, curtains, bathtub, Sun-mar composting toilet, SS 2 burner stove w/oven and 2 alum propane tanks mounted in deck box, foot pedal pumps for galley & toilet. Slps 4 in 3 compartments. Compl boat little used, ready for live aboard or extended cruising. \$33,000 OBO, less than cost of lumber.

BOB ARCHIBALD, PO 933, Steinhatchee FL 32359, (352) 498-2111, <arch@svic.net>. Serious financially able responses only please. (17)



**Herreshoff America 18' Catboat**, Nowak & Williams hand laid FG constr. '74 w/restored teak trim, 260sf mainsail, gaff rig, alum mast, boom & gaff. Attractive interior w/blue bunk cushions. 6hp OB, 2 axle Shoreline trlr. Ready to sail. \$6,450. PETER MCRAE, Coronado, CA, (619) 522-0033, fax (619) 522-0055, <pmcrae@abac.com> (16)

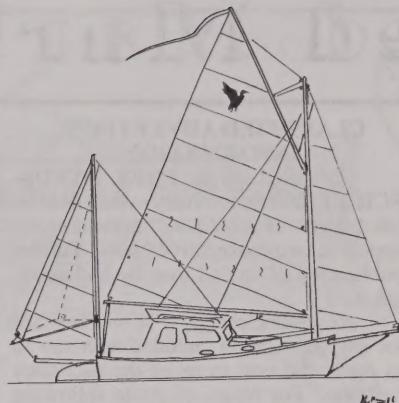
**16' Antique Rowing Boat**, stored in VT barn for over 50 yrs. Gd orig cond. \$1,500. JON KNICKERBOCKER, Plymouth, MA, (508) 833-3457. (15)

**19' Cape Dory Typhoon Overnigher**, '73 seaworthy full keel FG classic designed by Carl Alberg. Fully equipped, 5 sails, berth & cockpit cushions, 12v electrical, compass, depth sounder, ground tackle. \$3,500 firm. If wanted, '98 4hp Yamaha, \$500 additional; '85 Triad trlr \$1,000 additional. GENE ERNEST, P.O. Box 267, Tenants Harbor, ME 04860, (207) 372-9960. (16)

**15' Folbot Model SQF**, '55 sq stern OB, deluxe factory finish, exc cond, 1 orig bag, paperwork. \$750. RUSS HICKS, Eaton rapids, MI, (517) 663-3882. (16)



**Cornish Shrimper #75**, dk green hull, 8hp Nissan w/low hrs, tanbark gaff rig sails, roller furling, Origo stove, new cockpit awning. Well equipped, exc cond. \$10,500. TED NEWBERG, 3755 Sunnyside Rd., E. New Market, MD 21631, (410) 943-8521. (16)



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STUART K. HOPKINS, P.O. 235, Wicomico Church, VA, (804) 580-8723, ph/fax. (16)

**Monument River Wherry**, 17' hi performance pulling boat. Rows single or dbl. Dble chine, okoume ply w/FG over. Flotation fore & aft. This vy nice rowing craft has won many races. Nds new paint. \$1,500. **18' Eastporter**, traditional round bottom ME skiff, w/25hp '87 Johnson. FG constr, vy rugged, incl trlr. Asking \$1,800.

JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786. (16)

**Gloucester Gull Dory**, neat exercise. Blt w/marine ply, epoxy glued & interior coated. FG in epoxy exterior. Green w/cream interior. Bronze oarlocks. Asking \$700. Location eastern MA.

HUGH WARE, Manchester, MA, (413) 623-5400 (15)

**16' CL-16 Daysailer**, FG, gd cond, w/as is TeeNee trlr, 4hp Seagull &/or 40# thrust electric OB. \$1,600 or trade for cartoppable row/paddle/sail craft. LON ERNST, Howell, MI, (517) 548-2781 aft 6pm or lv message. (15)

**13' Lyman Runabout**, dbl cockpit, or **13' Penn Yan Lapstrake "Coquette"**. Both nd refinishng & have trlrs. \$995 either. I only nd 1.

GIL CRAMER, 03583 Rd 13, Bryan, OH 43506, (419) 636-1689, <gcramer@williams-net.com> (15)

**17' Old Town Canoe**, orig wood w/canvas cover. Some wood repaired, exterior FG covered. \$900. DONNA M LAUX, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917. (16)

## BOATS WANTED

**Drascombe Coaster**, basically sound, any cond. TERRY LESH, Cottage Grove, OR, (541) 942-0086, <terynpat@aol.com> (15)

**Sliding Seat Sailing Canoe**, 10 sq meter. KEN PARKER, Wilmington, MA, (978) 988-0102, <ken.parker@gte.net> (16)

**Rhodes 19**, CB or keel, or any Cape Cod Shipbuilding boats under 23', any cond. K. FALSTROM, P.O. Box 8211, Longboat Key, FL 34228, (941) 953-6240. 916)

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**White Polytarp Sail Kits**, construct an inexpensive dinghy sail in just hours. No sewing required. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (15P)

**Sails Sale: Ensign Jib**, by Delano Sails, hwt, some storage gray on outer fold. Gd roping & hoist snaps, exc hdbd. Luff 18'6", foot 11'6", leach 18'6". W/ sailbag. \$40 + s&h. **Loose Footed Main**, Hong Kong maker, used only twice. Hvy reinforce clew & outhaul, strange toothed fish emblem & #43. Luff 13'6", foot 7'9", roach 15'4". W/sailbag. \$40 + s&h. **Snipe Main**, Murphy & Nye. Hvy weather weight, seldom refolded, gd roping & hdbd, it blue numerals, "US" & Snipe emblem. Luff 16'. W/red sailbag. \$40 + s&h. **Laser Sail**, Elvstrom w/window. Nds 16' mast sleeve repair & bath. Has marker numerals. \$20 + s&h. **Dinghy Sail**, exc, English maker, looks vy new, lt cream color, lwt, nds spot cleaning, gd roping & hdbd, pointed "J" emblem. Luff 12', foot 7'9", leach 13'. \$25 + s&h. **Windsurfing Sails**, 1 brand new never used, blue, white & pink, big windows. Luff 18'9", foot 12', leach 13'. \$40 + s&h. 2 more just like it but slightly used. Each \$35 + s&h. **Sunfish Sails**: R&W, 3 corner tear near peak. Nds wash, otherwise not bad. \$15 + s&h. White, lwt, nds luff & foot retaped + cleaning. Taped on #14. \$10 + s&h. Red, gold, blue, gd looking but damage in storing, nds patching & bath. \$15 + s&h. Lt blue & white, no emblem, small 3 corner tear inside leach. \$15 + s&h. Red & white, shows its age, faded, nds leach binding & slight tear. \$10 + s&h. WARD BELL, 372 Sea Cliff Ave., Sea Cliff, NY 11579, (516) 671-2634. (15)

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**Palmer P60**, whole engine or just direct drive in gd shape. Will pay shipping. SAM STENGLER, Houston, TX, (281) 773-3478, <sstengler@pdq.net> (15)

**Chrysler Sailor OB**, 6hp long shaft for parts. Lower end run in sand & seized. Power head OK. \$50. STEVE LEVESQUE, Plainville, MA, (508) 695-5921. (15)

**Aries Self Steering Gear**, exc cond. \$700. K. FALSTROM, P.O. Box 8211, Longboat Key, FL 34228, (941) 953-6240. (16)

**Bamboo**, 1 pc 1-1/2" d x 9', 1pc 1" d x 9', 2pcs 1-2" d x 8'. **Aluminum Tubing**, 1-1/8" d x 10'. One has what appears to be boom jaws at 1 end (spars for lateen rig?). Any might serve as spars for canoe. All free, you pick up.

JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702, (508) 872-4206. (15)

**Caille Canoe Engine**, small 1 cyl made by Caille Perfection Motor Co., Detroit, MI. \$1,200. **Peterborough Runabout Windshield Frame**, nds rechroming. \$450. **2 Lg Wooden Sailing Ship Blocks**.

ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (810) 727-7320 aft 5pm. (16)

**Yamaha 50hp OB**, 5yrs old, vy few hrs, exc cond. \$1,500 OBO. LUCY S. BOTTOMLY, P.O. Box AM, Islands Hts, NJ 08732, (732) 270-6270. (15)

## GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

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JOHN BARRY, P.O. Box 2009, S. Londonderry, VT 05155, (802) 824-6371, <jbarryiii@compuserve.com>. (15)

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**\$200 Sailboat**, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

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THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

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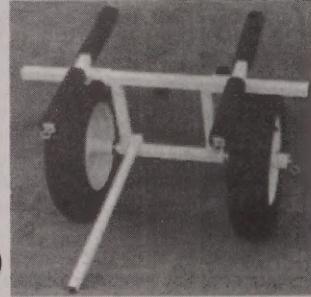


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